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THANKSGIVING-DAY.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

A bright little damsel, drest plainly and neat,
Came tripping along o'er the wet, miry street,
For November's first snow-gift was passing away
In the chemical change of a red-featured clay;
So she guarded her clothes with a housewifely care,
Still gliding ahead like a creature of air,
While every brisk nerve in her feet seem'd to say,
Going home, going home to keep *Thanksgiving-Day.*

On her well-rounded arm a nice basket she bore,
With a present, perchance, of some delicate store;
For she pois'd it precisely, and peep'd now and then
Beneath its snug lid with a critical ken;
All was right, and 'twould seem that her movements kept time
With the inward response of a musical chime,
For nothing that song of her spirit could stay,
Home, Father and Mother, and Thanksgiving-Day.

Then, on came the cars, with a whistle and din,
And light as a lark the young damsel leap'd in,
And I saw her no more, save a glimpse thro' the pane
Of a face that no evil had ventured to stain,
Surrounded by travellers, on business intent,
Some anxious, some weary, some feeble and bent,
Though mingled with others, vociferous and gay,
In anticipation of *Thanksgiving-Day.*

So Fancy her limning took up, and behold
A village sprang forth from her pencil of gold,
And a quaint, rural house 'mid its roof-trees arose,
Where a man and a woman, in Sabbath-day clothes,
Gazed forth from their gate o'er the hill-top so brown,
For their daughter to come from her work in the town,
And, lo! there she hastens, all smiling and gay,
To gladden their souls on this *Thanksgiving-Day.*

Oh, Land of my birth! dear New England, the clime
Of pilgrims, and heroes, and sages sublime,
Whatever of change o'er thine annal may sweep
When we in thine elm-girdled bosom shall sleep,
To a love-lighted home, where the virtues preside,
And God is acknowledged as Ruler and Guide,
Still gather thine own, from their work or their play,
To this feast of the heart, the old *Thanksgiving-Day.*

Hartford, Conn, Nov., 29, 1861.

THE TALE OF
A CHRISTMAS-EVE JURYMAN.

EDITED FROM A JUROR'S NOTES.

BY A. OAKEY HALL.

Many years ago, when the New York Court of General Sessions met in the old Almshouse Building, near the Chambers street side of the Park, I was drawn as a juryman upon the trial of a young man charged with the burglary of a bank. The proceedings began a full week before Christmas Day; but owing to circumstantial detail of testimony, and many embarrassing law discussions, the case was not given to the jury until the afternoon of the day preceding Christmas.

The main question of fact was the identity of the prisoner at the bar with the person who had been seen under suspicious circumstances about the bank building upon the day preceding the burglary. And a broker had positively sworn to the accused as being the man who exchanged bills in denomination like those which constituted the felonious proceeds. But, on the other hand, the accused had produced evidence that he was, upon the night in question, continuously at a Hoboken hotel.

One ballot, taken immediately upon entering the jury retiring-room, showed nine for conviction and three for acquittal. A second ballot left only one for not guilty. Doubtless, each one of the eleven coincided mentally in the belief that the dissentient was none other than the pale and nervous little man, prematurely gray, whose restless eyes, uneasy seat in the box, and queer questions to witnesses, had early in the case invited the especial attention of the court *habitués.* After an awkward silence of a few moments, he stepped forward from the fireplace (whose shadow he had seemed to hug directly he entered the room) and said:

"Gentlemen, I am sorry to disagree with so respectable a majority; but I beg to assure you it will be impossible for me to go over to your views. Had I but known the peculiar issues of the trial at an early stage, it would have become my duty, by timely suggestions to the Court, to have relieved the panel from my presence. But I never can now agree to convict that young man. *Never! never!*"

Saying thus in the most energetic tone, he then paced nervously several times the length of the room; and then clasping his hands upon his breast, as he stood by the window, he looked the personification of a remorseful penitent standing before some altar of saddened recollection.

The facetious man of our panel placed his finger knowingly to his forehead, and made pantomimic motion with his lips, as if to say "*luney!*" And the foreman whispered to the nearest group, "I dare say he's been in prison himself!" But the audacious member of the panel muttered so audibly something about "relative of the prisoner, eh?" that it reached the ear of our obstinate dissentient. Hastily quitting his attitude of a penitent before some invisible shrine, he approached us, and added, with renewed energy:

"By virtue of my oath, gentlemen, I never saw or heard of the prisoner, nor of any of his kith and kin, before this case. At the risk of your suspicious injustice, I can never, never agree to his identity."

Upon this apparent challenge to his remark, the audacious juryman, nowise daunted, muttered very audibly, "Gammon," and to the exclamation, annexed, "A merry Xmas this bids fair to be indeed, to us!"

Approaching the window in an angry way, he raised the sash, dashed back a shutter, and looked forth.

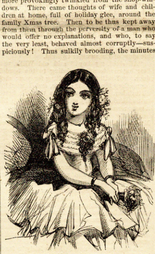
The merry hum of Xmas-Eve—Broadway, mixing with the jingle of sleigh-bells, rushed their waves of holiday-sound into the dreary jury-chamber, and at once rivetted the anger of the remaining ten upon the nervous twelfth man who thus detained us still longer from the expected hilarities of the season. Extending his hand as if to greet the cool stream of air, and welcome its coming to his fevered brain, the recusant added, (thus again divining all our thought):

"I know how bad it is to shut you up here on Xmas-Eve. But, but I never can agree, and the sooner you act on it the better."

Here the veteran juryman of the set, (who, during a recess, had boasted that he had aided in convicting twelve persons during his service for the county,) wrote upon a paper these words:

"Impossible—agreement—ask—discharge." And handing it to the foreman for his signature, obtained it and sent it into court by the constable at the outer door. This official, by one of the mysterious perceptions of his class, appeared to have understood how nearly unanimous the vote was, and to have conveyed his views to the Court; for back came the response that in so important a cause, &c., the jury must be detained all night. But the officer was authorized to add that, in consideration of its being Xmas Eve, and with concurrence of both counsel, the jurors would be allowed a supper and Xmas cheer!

"And," considerately added the constable, as he detected our foreman instinctively jingling Christmas half-dollars, and then shaking his head at the holiday shop-lights across the Park, "and gents at sole expense o' the county."


[LULU MORTIMER.]

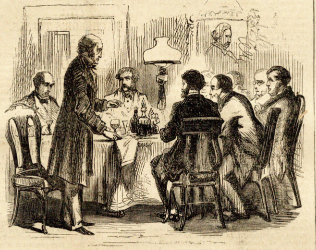
I acknowledge to a feeling approximating to the raging point. The wintry twilight had some time deepened into night, and the gas-lamps now more provokingly twinkled from the shop-windows. There came thoughts of wife and children at home, full of holiday glee, around the family Xmas tree. Then to be thus kept away from them through the perversity of a man who would offer no explanations, and who, to say the very least, behaved almost corruptly—suspiciously! Thus sulkily brooding, the minutes passed, whilst an attendant or two lighted fresh candles, or busied themselves with cleaning and preparing the well-inked table. By-and-by, from mine host of Tammany Hall, arrived plates, glasses, a cold turkey, a boiled ham, a few Connecticut pies, and sundry pitchers of ale. They brought with them a few smiles to even the countenance of our audaciously skeptical comrade. Perhaps never before, or since, has the sanctity of a jury-room been so invaded by the Santa Claus of good cheer. But, then, seldom do courts thus trespass upon the domains of the Holiday Monarch!

We sat down, and diligently cross-examined the solids; and proceeded to sum up upon the liquids and pipes of tobacco. Next, very amicably were the incidents of the case discussed. Then came again the embarrassing silence which formed a frame-work whereof our nervous dissentient was the portrait figure. Just then was heard a knock at the door. The constable put in his head, and announced that the court had adjourned until nine o'clock next morning.

Before this zerotic announcement entirely froze the Xmas hilarity that had approached almost boiling point, the unfortunate cause of our Xmas-Eve imprisonment spoke with an evident effort at cheerfulness, and said:

"Now, gentlemen, since by the decree of the Court I do not delay you, I will narrate why I am so peremptory in my refusal to bring in a verdict of guilty. An explanation, doubtless due to myself in your future estimation. And in giving you my tale I present the incidents in that perfect form of narrative as to dramatic incident and tragical climax which I am able to form through my familiarity with the story.

"Twenty years ago, a young apothecary's clerk went in search of employment from this city to Louisiana. He soon found it, at a small town on the Mississippi river, in the parish of Laforuche, above New Orleans. This town was the centre of a circle of sugar plantations, and from them derived all its business or importance. The nearest sugar estate was owned and occupied by a wealthy Pennsylvanian, named George Mortimer. He was a widower, and his family consisted of his son—a mere lad; his daughter—a young lady just snapping the roseate bonds of girlhood; his son's tutor, in the person of Arthur Boynton, a young, college graduate; and a mature French governess, who assisted at the studies of Mademoiselle.


[THE NERVOUS JUROR TELLING HIS STORY.]

Mr. Mortimer was a very much-beloved man, not only in the parish but in the State—a circumstance which deepened in horror the tragedy that my tale necessarily embraces. Unlike most planters, he only left his plantation when upon business visits to New Orleans. He mixed kindly with all classes, bond or free. He assumed an interest in all the affairs of his section, and cemented his power by resolutely declining all office; but disinterestedly assisted the aims of ambitious neighbors. Lulu Mortimer added to her inheritance of maternal beauty the possession of paternal affability, and her father's courtly ease. It was, therefore, proper for many a voice afterward to pronounce his conduct careless, in inviting the young and winning Arthur Boynton into the household. The attachment, which soon ripened between the tutor and the daughter, was first detected by the watchful eyes of Madame Deslondes, the governess. She was an artful *intriguante.* She was yet vain of her personal appearance. She was not without fascinations of conversation and manner. But she was just the person to repel a frank, youthful nature, like that of the New England tutor; who, if he had not gained experience, had nevertheless read and thought enough upon worldly matters to desire a test of character, in order that he might determine whether friends wore masks or displayed realities. The French governess, for the first time during her years of social vicissitude at Lyons, Paris, and New Orleans, had been inspired with a violent passion for the young tutor. A native vanity, and the hopes incident to her feelings, made her for a short time regardless of the apathy with which he received her vivacious advances. But, when jealousy aroused her sensibilities to the truth, with her pride wounded, and with those hopes baffled, she became his secret foe.

One afternoon, as the planter walked with his favorite servant upon the river levée, examining its security in every part against a threatened rise of the river, he unexpectedly encountered Madame Deslondes.

"Well, Deslondes, and where is your young charge? How long since *you* took to solitude and lonely walks?" good-humoredly said Mr. Mortimer.

The governess paused and seemed embarrassed. She momentarily busied herself in picking an orange-leaf to pieces, with that uncertainty in destruction accorded by women in their actions, often to a confusion of thought: at length speaking:

"I have only taken, Monsieur, to the solitude and lonely walk since that Mademoiselle Mortimer prefers the society of Master Victor's tutor."

Impressed more by her manner and tone than by the mere words thus uttered, her patron hastily motioned his body-servant away, and came closely to her side. Speaking slowly but distinctly, he replied:

"Do you imply that he is impertinent of attention to my daughter?"

Madame rejoined with that gesture of the shoulders by which her people convey whole sentences of doubt or indifference.

"Mademoiselle is young, and Monsieur Arthur is an entertaining man to one untravelled and ignorant of the world. *He* may mean much when Mademoiselle thinks nothing. *As yet* I regard that there is no harm."

Mr. Mortimer, although the kindest, was the proudest man of the section. His emotions were usually deeply embosomed; yet when called fairly to the surface of action, were impressive. With mingled surprise, vexation, and wounded pride suffusing his countenance, he repeated:

"As yet, Madame? *You* have, then, observed when *I* have not. How comes it *you* have said nothing to *me?* It is *you* who are to blame. You must go, and he, too, unless—unless——"

Here he paused for a moment, as if in secret thought that he cared not to express to her. Then, without again seeming to notice her, he turned abruptly away, leaving the governess almost transfixed with rage.

Madame was mistaken in her supposition that her youthful charge and the tutor were then together. Arthur had walked into town after trifling purchases, and was even now returning by the river path. As he reached the place of the recent interview in which the actress had been overreached by the naturalness of a proud parent, she detected his footstep, and the flush of her cheek deepened. It was therefore with real embarrassment she beheld him standing by her side, which was increased when, with an evident attempt at gallantry, he presented a large orange leaf, and said:

"I am just in time, Madame, to present you with a fresh fragrance to bruise in place of the leaf I see crumpled in your hand."

"Monsieur—Arthur, (thus dividing the salutation with a mixture of formality and tenderness,) "it is but myself I have in fancy destroyed. And see, I destroy this also. Why should I not?" she concluded, in a lower tone, to herself.

"Madame is capricious this evening," he good-humoredly replied to the energetic burst of passion with which she had concluded a sentence begun in a tender tone. Then offering his arm, he added, "Come, why cannot we be always friends?"

"Friends!" genuinely sighed she.

"Yes; for I sincerely trust that the foolish and undeserved preference revealed to me not long ago by an untoward but flattering accident, will not prevent us being worldly friends?"

"Arthur Boynton!" cried the governess, pausing in their walk beneath the appropriate shade of a moss-clad cypress, "do women of *my* kind indulge preferences to call foolish, when they turn hearts inside out to men, and tread pride beneath the feet of love? *You* forced an avowal *I* would have burned my tongue before uttering, else!".

"It was my ignorance of the heart that challenged—not forced—the avowal. Could I have expected it? Yet why dwell on it? it is past."

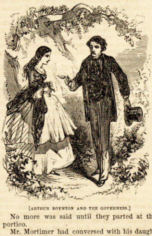
"Ignorance of the heart, and of the world, too, I suppose," she burst in with energy, not heeding the latter part of his rejoinder. And now her angry jealousy kept all other mental growths beneath. "Is, then, the New England pauper student wooing the *heiress,* rather than the lovely maiden?"

"Madame Deslondes! I protest—this is——" and he paused as if uncertain what fitting words to employ.

"I see my aim has nevertheless sent the arrow straight," she continued, taking up the thread of her own, and of his words.

"It is an insult I should not bear if from a man. *Did I think Mr. Mortimer had these thoughts which* YOU *avow, I should end his strife immediately.*"

"Hush," she said, pressing his arm at the moment of speaking his words, (soon to be so remarkable,) and the overseer passed by on his sunset tour of observation.


[ARTHUR BOYNTON AND THE GOVERNESS.]

No more was said until they parted at the portico.

Mr. Mortimer had conversed with his daughter, and had determined to send the tutor away at once. He was awaiting the latter in the library. But, as the door opened to admit him, dinner was announced, and the meal began with all present. Even the servants noticed an universal embarrassment. Mr. Mortimer was flushed and ill at ease. The domestics also observed that his manner of inviting the tutor to the library was not so gentle as was his wont. They saw, moreover, the suffused eyes of the young man, when half an hour afterward he quitted the house, and ordering a horse, galloped away. Only the governess observed that his route of travel was not in direction of the town. "He has gone to the packet landing. And do we travel together?" said she mentally to herself.

She had been standing by the portico, watching the twilight shadows grow along the avenue, and there ruminated upon the double insult to her pride and love—one inflicted by the man she served, the other by him she had forfeited self-respect in loving. Not long afterward a woman stepped from the other end of the balcony into the apartments of Arthur Boynton. The motions of the figure were rapid and noiseless. It disappeared behind the curtains. In course of half an hour, from the window of the same room opening upon another side of the balcony, the figure of a young man emerged, and disappeared among the shadows of the shrubbery.

* * * * *

Upon the ensuing morning Mr. Mortimer did not appear at breakfast, but sent word of an illness too suddenly severe to permit of his rising.

"Master complains of being so thirsty, and says the ice isn't cold enough," answered the body servant to the inquiries made by the plantation physician, who came up the stairs, "and he says the water he drank in the night sickened him."

"Alas! *my* fault, then," said Arthur, who was in the hall adjusting his travelling dress, and speaking to the housekeeper; "for, hearing Mr. Mortimer ask for water as I was going up late, and he doubtless supposed I was Charles there, I passed my pitcher in."

The governess here gave a suppressed shriek, then making some hasty apology, quitted the room.

But when housekeeper, physician and valet disappeared up the broad stairway, she returned and said:

"Monsieur countermands my going at his daughter's request, at least for a time—it is *you* who go! Adieu!"

He was silent at his work of adjusting a portmanteau.

"Shall I say adieu to Mademoiselle?" she inquired, with flashing eyes, "or is it permitted to you to leave them in person?"

"It is better so," he sighed to himself, and then added aloud, "Do not, Madame Deslondes, malign me to her when I am far away. *Above all, do not injure my name whatever may happen.*"

"What *can* happen?" she whispered, looking nervously around.

Surprised at her whisper, he too glanced over his shoulder and answered in some confusion, "Well, well, let it be as Providence shall fix it —*I* must be content."

He turned to take her hand. But by an impulse refrained, and grasping his portmanteau, again said "adieu," and stepped upon the gallery, where the servants awaited his coming. He was followed, oh! by such looks of mortal hate as seldom gleam within the eyes ot woman.

Toward noon Mr. Mortimer rapidly grew worse. The simpler prescriptions were unavailing. The town surgeon was summoned, for in a few hours the man of strong health and buoyant spirit had become like an invalid of a week's suffering. His eyes glassed. His thirst grew intolerable. Burning and swelling pains in throat and chest drove sleep afar from his chamber. His daughter wept in an adjoining room. She accused herself as the cause of her parent's nervous fever, and she was ordered away from his bedside as a disturbing agent.

A special messenger had been dispatched to the town druggist's after a new prescription. Reaching the store tended by the young clerk, before incidentally mentioned, the physician's mandate was produced. Whilst it was receiving pharmaceutical attention, a conversation naturally ensued upon the sudden illness of the distinguished and much beloved planter. His symptoms being thus crudely recounted, the young clerk of the druggist suddenly exclaimed:

"Why, Mr. Mortimer may have accidentally taken some of the arsenic purchased here last night for chemical tests by his son's tutor."

"Arsenic! tutor," echoed the overseer, "why the rascal has gone to take packet for New Orleans."

Each looked into the other's eyes the suspicions they now simultaneously felt.

"There was some quarrel, Madame said, about the daughter. The hypocritical rascal!" This was the spleen of the debased serving man toward "my fine New England gentleman," as he had been wont to opprobriously style the tutor among his familiar acquaintances.

The clerk rejoined hastily but decidedly, as he tore up the prescription:

"It is clear that this prescription will avail nothing, and until you see Dr. —— carry back *this;*" and he proceeded to fill a small vial from a larger bottle. "It is a temporary antidote. But sharper remedies will be needed. Back at once, and also dispatch a courier to the packet-landing after the run-away culprit, for the coincidences of purchase and illness are remarkably strong."

Starting at a plunging speed, the overseer was not long in arriving at the plantation mansion. He found Madame Deslondes and the housekeeper pacing the piazza for his return.

It was plain to see by their faces that the planter was much worse. The overseer recovering breath, at once imparted his suspicions to them, and communicated that which the clerk had said. The housekeeper energetically grasped the vial; but the governess seemed about to faint, catching spasmodically at the piazza-pillar, and gasping for air.

The terrible symptoms of poison by arsenic were indeed upon the patient. The plantation surgeon, called in until his more experienced brother could be re-summoned, so pronounced. He threw out the contents of the tutor's pitcher, and at the bottom shone a grain or two of gritty particles. Fed to the cabin-chickens they died. It was clear that the ungrateful tutor had embraced the opportunity of quarrel and flight to wreak a sudden vengeance on his benefactor.

A search into his room discovered upon an inner shelf a paper containing what might be either sugar or salt, but was pronounced arsenic. Alas, the proofs were too clear. And madame seeming to sink all her envy and jealousy in grief, wrung her hands and lamented that Monsieur Arthur should have so fallen.

Despite the attentions of all, in two days' time the robust planter ended his mental agonies by crossing the threshold of death's ever opened temple.

In those days there were no telegraphs, and the bayous of Lower Louisiana offer severe obstacles to couriers; so that the neighbor dispatched to New Orleans after police assistance and the capture of young Boyton, was delayed in reaching a packet until after the death.

In a few days Arthur was arrested by a detective at the St. Louis Hotel. He was found at his room under circumstances of such physical depression as his recent heart-wound, the loss of his stipend, and the mental aniexty aroused by the necessity of fresh exertion would naturally occasion. These were construed by the police officer, with the instincts of his profession, to be moral evidences of guilt. He therefore hesitated not in laying his arm upon the shoulder of the startled youth, to add:

"I arrest you charged with——"

If he had desired to adroitly pause in order, as the police say, to draw the first fire of a culprit's thoughts, he could not have found a response more unfortunate to his prisoner. For the latter interrupting him at once, said:

"Not—not—with the death of Mr. Mortimer—is he then dead? or—or his daughter?"

"*Only* one took the poison—surely you did not intend both?" said the detective.

"Poison—poison? then it was not the shock?"

"Well—well—young man it is perhaps my duty to advise you against further confessions."

"Poison!" he again repeated, "and surely *I* am not suspected of that?"

"Aye, and charged with it—here is the warrant of the Parish Judge," returned the officer, and also sympathizingly measuring upon his own wrists the hand-cuffs with which he proceeded to gyve those of the fainting prisoner.

* * * * * * * * *

When the young man, under custody, reached the town landing near the scene of his alleged guilt, the populace had gathered from all the adjoining localities, and were fain to visit upon him violence. Because it was not alone the grief for the loss of their favorite neighbor which prompted to this; but the mode of his death and the incidents attending the heartless administration of the poison were so revolting that the expressions of disgust sought force. But the moment the face and form of the youth were seen, they obeyed the declarations of the sheriff, that in so clear a case the patient law must be obeyed. The eyes of the sufferer of man's vengeance were like those of a debauched man; his hair, so recently a thing of marked beauty, had grown coarse and matted; and his whole bearing was of a man weighed down by a hideous dream of guilt. And so was he lodged in prison.

After a few weeks of delay the poor fellow stood at the bar of the Parish Court for trial. Up to this day of arraignment he had continued in prison like one under the constant influence of narcotics.

It became noised about that he intended to plead guilty. In his cell, his strongest act of emotion had been to rock himself to and fro, crying, "oh my mother—my mother," like a wailing child. What could this be but the apathy of despair, as well as acquiescence in remorseful guilt? Only one man—the Episcopal clergyman—declared confidence in the young man's innocence. Which, to the minister of the gospel of mercy and charity, was permitted by a popular sentiment that would have crushed this opinion from any other source. This rector obtained eminent counsel from New Orleans, and learned physicians to examine into the chemical questions. Both classes ominously shook their heads, but did not thereby shake the confidence of the clergyman.

But when arraigned in the dreaded prisoner's box, Arthur's apathy or despair broke away like as does a milldam before a torrent. In a vehement paroxysm of grief he fell upon his knees exclaiming: "I swear before God and his angels I am innocent—some one must save me! Oh this *must* be a cruel dream. My mother's son is no poisoner." So violent were his kindred protestations in this spirit of asseveration, that the Judge caused him to be temporarily removed. The audience deemed it a piece of studied acting; yet in the retiring room to which he was carried, rather than led, all the soothing of rector and counsel, and the strongest opiate administered by physicians in water, (that he clutched at with his lips as one in hydrophobia might do,) were required to enable the court to proceed orderly.

The attorney-general had come from New Orleans, especially, to prosecute. In his opening address he turned the incident of the accused's grief into what the professional spectators termed "a most happy application." After recounting the virtues of the deceased, his public spirit and his private worth; after portraying him as the doting parent, the indulgent planter and the munificent patron, the attorney-general passed to the circumstances preceding and attending the sudden decease. Referring to the remorse of the prisoner, he commended it. It were best thus early to realize his crime—a crime next to that of a parricide—for he who, in a spirit of malice and revenge, murdered his benefactor because of an imagined slight upon pride, or a fancied insult; aye, and murdered him by the treachery of secret poison, deserved to be punished whilst even alive with such remorse as in another world the son feels who spills in anger a father's blood.

The first witness called was the overseer, who testified to hearing the prisoner say, on the night preceding his employer's sickness, "If I thought Mr. Mortimer had the thoughts you avow, I should end his *life* immediately."

Upon cross-examination the overseer narrated how he met the governess and the prisoner. Admitted that his overhearing of the words was accidental. He did not know their application then. Being reproved for stating an opinion, he remembered them from the manner in which they were spoken. This manner he described. He said the prisoner was pale, and gesticulated violently in their utterance. Madame caught his arm.

Then the governess took the stand to detail that whole conversation. She remembered very distinctly the words narrated by the last witness, and was much shocked by them at the time. Did not warn Mr. Mortimer. Had a kind feeling for the young man. (At this stage of testimony, meeting the appealing eyes of the prisoner, the witness fainted, and amid the commiserations of the audience was taken out of the court-room.) Soon returning, she narrated the remainder of their conversation respecting Miss Mortimer. Witness had suggested that the father would disapprove of his attentions, when prisoner used the language imputed and the threat in evidence. She was especially emphatic in recapitulating the prisoner's parting commands to care above all for his reputation with the young lady when he was gone—*no matter what might happen.*

During this testimony the dramatic spectacle presented by the attitude and countenance of the prisoner was one never to be forgotten. Upon his forehead and wrists, as he sat bent forward leaning head upon his hands, the veins were swollen as if whip thongs. There was in his eyes that glare of horror the hunter assumes when the unexpected tiger springs. But during the testimony which followed, this agony of position and features could only have been contrasted with that conspicuous in the paintings of some of the early martyrs when stretched upon the rack. It was the testimony of the apothecary's clerk. The latter, being told to look upon the prisoner and say if he knew him, answered immediately that he did. Had seen him in walks and on horseback. He particularly remembered selling the prisoner arsenic on the night preceding the illness of deceased.

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" groaned the young man, at hearing this, "where, where is thy justice that it strikes not this Ananias dumb with death."

He rose to his feet in a posture which well befitted the sublime and thrilling eloquence of his tone.

The judge was now obliged to harshly interpose, and say that although bound to allow much for the unhappy situation of the accused, his language was insulting to the tribunal of justice in the highest degree. He was also admonished in whispers from his counsel. So he resumed his old attitude, and crooned like some heart-broken Irish widow beside the corpse of the husband of her youth.

The witness continued:

"I recognize him by the very coat he now has on—a gray travelling suit—as well as by the check cap at his side."

Now, despite all entreaties and frowns of court, counsel, constable or bystanders, the prisoner again sprung to his feet:

"Judge! Judge! this whole suit hung in my closet upon the night in question."

Seeming to recollect something his counsel suggested by a pantomimic gesture, he added, in a more subdued tone:

"But, alas! I have no evidence, no proof."

Upon cross examination the witness swore that he was certain of the dress—more so than of the face and voice. Prisoner asked arsenic for chemical tests. Witness, knowing he was a tutor, asked no questions. Prisoner was only in the dimly lighted store a short time. But the rigid cross examination failed to shake the confidence of the witness in his accurate identity of dress, manner and carriage.

Next came the testimony of the housekeeper as to the admissions respecting the pitcher of water. Also evidence of the symptoms and the discovery of arsenious particles in the pitcher; and of the very paper (identified by the druggist's clerk) in the prisoner's room containing the fatal drug. Thus closing the case for the people.

Owing to the state of the prisoner preceding trial, his counsel was able to obtain little light or explanation from him. Now, upon the trial he was naturally embarrassed by the terrible weight of testimony. In vain did he produce evidence of character, or of chemists as to kindred symptoms from natural causes. In vain argue against the identity. Uselessly deny a motive in the prisoner for so slight a cause to kill the father of her he loved. Judge, jury and audience testified their impatience in every way.

The Attorney General declining to sum up, the court charged most unfavorably against the prisoner, and the jury agreed "GUILTY!" upon their seats.

As the fatal word was spoken, the young man, falling on his knees, again and again asseverated his innocence, crying:

"Oh, my mother—will none save me?"

These words were continually repeated, but in a more subdued and despairing tone, after the dread sentence of death was pronounced, and whilst the process of manacling the condemned proceeded.

"What do you now think of the case?" asked his counsel of the rector, as they, last of all the crowd, passed into the cool, free air, which their prisoner-friend now breathed under fleeting tenure of life.

With tears mellowing the wrinkles on his aged cheeks, the latter rejoined:

"Still, still I believe him innocent."

"I did *not* in the earlier stage of the trial," returned the counsel; "but those asseverations of innocence so profound in agony and truth, destroy the strong testimony to my moral sense. He is so young and pure; the crime is so disproportionately motiveless."

"May there not be a conspiracy?" asked the rector.

"But whose? It is *very* mysterious. Who bought the arsenic? It *was* bought. It *was* administered. It caused death!"

* * * * * * * * *

The day of execution arrived. Its loveliness of life-accompaniments cruelly contrasted with the machinery of death erected in the Court House Square. A cloudless sky, a serene atmosphere, the caroling of gay plumaged birds, and the odor of the ripening orange stunned even stolid perception with their inappropriateness at the foot of a gallows! Around this were ranged an assemblage of bond and free, come forth to witness the expiation of the young poisoner.

Few who were present at the recent trial recognized in the phrenzied madman, bound to the fatal cart, that prisoner who had so appealed to the human sympathy of rector and counsel. Hours of that poignant misery, which few lives can, without surrendering reason, endure had ravaged his countenance of all the beauty once so admired. He did not beg, but shrieked for mercy.

"So died his victim," said a voice to the crowd, who approvingly murmured.

Presently, assisted by many men, he was placed and held upon the fatal scaffold. He looked upward to the bright heavens as if in search of a reprieving angel. Then glancing around at the fatal noose and cap, he again struggled and shrieked: "Save me—save me—for before God and his angels I am innocent."

The officers of the law approaching he seemed for a moment to grow calmer. Necessarily loosing him he gave one side-long spring and precipitated himself upon the crowd, exclaiming, in heartbreaking tones: "Let me escape—let me escape."

The populace surged in sudden amazement; and next, as if in affright, swayed, opened its ranks and fled a short distance in increased fear. The sheriff sprung after the prisoner, who was now writhing and groaning on the green sward. One of the deputies raised him, but unavoidably released his hold. Once more lifting him, it was the raising of a dead weight, and the crimson stream from mouth and nostrils told why the groans had so suddenly ceased.

"Guilty or innocent," said one of the attendant physicians, "the mere sentence of the law, although technically unfulfilled, has been substantially perfected in this last appeal for life!"

* * * * * * * * *

A few years went by, and the druggist's clerk was established commercially in the Crescent City. One night as he was preparing to retire, a ring at the door preceded the entry of one in the dress of the cathedral priesthood.

"Are you M. ——?" asked the priest, in a grave and subdued tone.

"I am."

"Formerly at ——, in Parish Lafourche, and who testified on the trial of Arthur Boynton?"

"The same."

"Alas, my young friend, you were mistaken. She who committed the act died this morning. Her confession is a sacred trust. But this much it is my duty to say: *you* were innocently mistaken."

And so saying departed as mysteriously as he had entered, and left his auditor transfixed in silent horror.

So that whether the governess, impelled by jealousy and hate, akin to that which turns to a "fury" the "spurned woman," had stolen from the balcony into the young man's room, and, taking advantage of his absence, disguised herself in his travelling suit, and so purchased the arsenic, and administered it that it might, haply, demonstrate a suicide by a disappointed man. Whether by the accident of passing the poisoned draught into his benefactor's room, she was left to work out her revenge through a more circuitous and horrible road. These were two main points not covered by the ghostly communication, but left entirely to fancy.

* * * * * * * *

One can imagine the silence in our juryroom as the narrative concluded.

Asked the foreman, breaking the breathless pause: "And the unfortunately mistaken clerk was——"

"Myself! alas, myself! *Can you wonder, then, that I should fail to convict again upon unsupported evidence of personal identity?*"

FINIS.

A BACHELOR'S TRIALS.

BY AMY RANDOLPH.

Why isn't there an asylum for the benefit of bashful men? Why don't some distinguished physician invent a cure for the horrible disease whose primary symptoms are turning red in the face, stammering in the speech, and a general perplexity what to do with the hands! Why can't people be inoculated for it, as they are when small-pox is in the neighborhood? What's the use of fifty thousand dollars in the bank, if you can't come into a room without treading on the baby's fingers, sitting down on the cat, and knocking over the canary-bird's cage? What's the use of being introduced to all the pretty girls at a party when you can't think of anything on earth to say to them? Never sat down beside a young lady in my life that she didn't begin to yawn, and bite the end of her fan, and peep under her eyelashes, to see if any one was coming to relieve guard! Aggravating—of course it's aggravating! I never can remember anything to say until it is too late—and not then, generally!

The most provoking part of the business is, however, that I'm perfectly aware the little minxes are laughing in their sleeves at me the whole time! Don't they see what a donkey I'm making of myself? Don't they perceive that my face is heating up like the boiler of a locomotive, every minute, until it is several shades redder than my whiskers, and that's saying a good deal! Talk about cruelty to animals! I'd thank the philanthropists to lecture the girls for making fun of bashful men!

If I hadn't been hopelessly sheepish—but never mind, now! The crisis of my life is past, and I never shall see a black-eyed girl, with cheeks like an apple-blossom, and a mouth that always suggests the idea of kissing, without reflecting that I lost Kate Willis, simply for lack of—brass!

"Now, my dear Simpkins," said the paternal Willis, seizing me confidentially by the third button of my coat, "don't be a blockhead! There's no earthly reason why you shouldn't marry Kate!"

"Except——" I meekly suggested.

"No exceptions to the case!" said the old gentleman, dogmatically. "She's got a silly notion in her head that she likes Harry Wendell—a boy, sir, actually without a sixpence? Of course it's all nonsense; and she'll be the first to find it out, if you only play your game skilfully!"

"And how, sir, if I may venture to ask?"

"Marry her, Simpkins, before she has time to get up any confounded love-scrape with Harry! It's simply a question of *time* between you and Wendell! You're ahead now—see that you keep so!"

The old gentleman tapped his snuff-box emphatically, and then added, with a wink:

"The quicker the better, my boy! and I'll see that she has no interviews with that young scamp, Harry. Not but what he's a fine fellow enough, but no property—no property!"

I wrung my future papa-in-law's hand in an ecstacy of gratitude.

"And when would you advise me to plead my cause to Miss Willis? Would to-morrow evening be——"

"To-morrow evening? why, what is the boy thinking about? Now—this minute!"

I felt a creeping sensation in every nerve of my body—very much the feeling one must experience when he draws near a powerful electric battery.

"But I'm not exactly prepared—to-morrow would——"

"Fiddlestick!" quoth the unfeeling old gentleman. It was plain *he* had never known the horrors of bashfulness. "Nothing like the present time. Kate's in the sitting-room now; go in, and remember that faint heart never won fair lady!"

Still I hesitated, but old Willis—I had just been showing him my bank-book, and that fact may in some measure account for his extreme eagerness—opened the door of the next apartment, and gave me a friendly push, so that I entered the presence of my fair enslaver in rather an undignified manner—darting into the middle of the floor, in fact, like an arrow out of a bow!

Of course I didn't blame Kate for stifling her laughter in a pocket-handkerchief; I suppose I did look rather ridiculous, but then it was all old Willis's fault!

I could perceive that Kate had just been crying, and very pretty she looked with the moisture yet trembling on her long silken lashes, and the color deepened on her lovely cheek. I was more in love than ever at that instant, but I did not know what to say, so I sat down and said nothing.

The clock ticked monotonously on the mantel piece; Kate played pensively with the ends of her blue sash-ribbon, and I felt myself gradually getting into a profound perspiration. Still my wooing remained in *statuo quo*, while I racked my brains to think of some appropriate subject of conversation. Presently a loud "Hem!" from old Willis in the adjoining room signified his disapprobation of my taciturnity. I plunged recklessly into speech, as a man pulls the string of a shower-bath.

"Beautiful weather, Miss!"

Kate looked up with a little surprised smile. Then, for the first time, I became conscious that the rain was playing a noisy tattoo against the window panes. While I was thinking how to rectify this blunder, the portentous "*Hem!*" struck on my ear again. I began to hate old Willis.

"Hope you didn't get cold at the pic-nic yesterday, Miss Willis?"

"Not at all," said Kate, and another long silence ensued, during which old Willis must nearly have taken the skin off his throat. *I* didn't care, I was getting desperate.

"Well, good evening," said I at length, rising with my hat in my hand.

"Good evening," said Kate, politely.

"Shall—shall you be at home to-morrow evening?" I faltered at the threshold.

"Certainly, sir."

"Guess I'll come and see you, then," I stuttered, making a blind rush at the door, and tumbling into the arms of old Willis, who was suspiciously close by.

"Upon my word I'll ask her to-morrow!" I gasped, "only let me go this time."

The worthy man made no direct reply, but as I shot down the garden steps, I heard him growl out, under his breath:

"Confounded blockhead!"

I sat down on a bench under the rain-dripping honeysuckles to review the field of battle, whence I had so ignominiously fled. Of course I was a confounded blockhead; if any one else had been in my place, the engagement ring would have sparkled by this time on Kate's slender fore-finger. O! the agonies! the embarrassments, the fiery ordeals of bashfulness!

As I figuratively gnashed my teeth, and rolled in sackcloth and ashes, the sweet sound of gay young voices floated down among the honeysuckles, from the open window above. Kate and her mischievous cousin Effie Miller were comparing notes.

"Kate!" ejaculated Effie, and I knew by the sound she had got Kate round the waist and was kissing her, "is *that* the awkward monster that your father prefers to Harry?"

I began to believe in the truth of the old proverb that listeners never hear any good of themselves!

"I don't care!" pouted Kate; "I never, never will marry him! I'd as soon be tied for life to an elephant or a grizzly bear. See where he stepped on the flounce of my dress, and tore it down!"

"And so he's coming to propose to-morrow evening!"

"Yes," sighed Kate, "and what *shall* I do? Papa will insist on my receiving him!"

"I'll manage it," said Effie, gaily. "Of course it won't do to be uncivil to Mr. Red-head!"

Here the voice of old Aunt Betsey, Mr. Willis's maiden aunt and housekeeper, was heard ejaculating, "Gals! gals!" and the laughing echoes died away in the distance, leaving me nearly paralyzed with wrath and dismay. Mr. Red-head, indeed—a grizzly bear—an elephant! Well, there was one comfort—I'd teach Kate proper respect when she became Mrs. Philo Simpkins!

There's no use describing the hours of preparation that were devoted to "getting myself up" splendidly. I turned over every cravat in my drawers, and put on such tight boots that I shall be a martyr to corns the rest of my life, in consequence thereof. My coat was fresh from the tailor's, my rebellious hair was oiled and brushed until it was *almost* auburn, and my straw-colored gloves fitted to a charm. I surveyed myself in the glass when all was complete, and really, if it had not been for that unfortunate hair, and my rather protuberant eyes, whose light blue spheres always seem to be escaping from their sockets, I wasn't so bad-looking.

"Now for it!" said I to myself, giving my sinking courage a tremendous upward screw, as I stood on Willis's door-steps, in the soft purple glow of the summer twilight.

"All right, my boy!" said old Willis, with beaming countenance, pointing to the boudoir door. "You'll find her waiting for you; she's been asleep for an hour or two, and I wouldn't disturb her. In such cases as this, it's better to be taken a little by surprise. Speak up like a man, now!"

And old Willis rubbed his hands joyously. My heart descended into the soles of my boots as I shuffled slowly along—damp streaks began to strike through my dazzling kid gloves. If I had been worth half a million, I would have cheerfully given it, at that moment, to buy an hour's reprieve.

But old Willis was inexorable. He noiselessly opened the door, and motioned me to enter. I obeyed and sat down close to the threshold.

"Not there—go and sit by her on the sofa! I never saw anything like *your* style of love-making!" ejaculated old Willis, under his breath, as he gave me an impetus towards that corner of the room where a half-reclining figure, wrapped in the snowy Shetland shawl I had so often seen my divinity wear, was just visible among the deepening shadows.

No backing out now! I was fairly in for it, and I sank on one knee before the Shetland shawl, beginning to recite the rhapsody I had committed to memory that morning. Part of it was original, part Byron, part Moore. I stumbled on, skipping a word or two here and there, but still preserving the general idea of a fervent lover.

At first my audience paid very little attention, but as I proceeded, growing gradually more emphatic, the recumbent figure slowly reared itself up. Just as I possessed myself of the hand, exclaiming, "Speak, dear one—tell me I may hope!" a pungent odor struck upon my senses, a box of Scotch snuff came rattling down upon my head, and a shrill voice exclaimed:

"Hey-day! what on airth do you mean, talking your poetry nonsense to me?"

I had been courting Aunt Betsey!

Uprose the indignant old lady, whose white Shetland shawl had so egregiously deceived me in the uncertain twilight, demanding explanations, more like one of the wrinkled witches in Macbeth than a modern spinster. Explanations, indeed! a pretty time to explain when a man was sneezing his very soul out, in a peppery whirlwind of Scotch snuff. And to cap the climax of my miseries, Effie Miller's half-stifled voice was heard exclaiming in the ante-room:

"Uncle Willis, you'll have to interfere—Mr. Simpkins is making love to Aunt Betsey!"

I stayed to hear no more, but beat a precipitate retreat, becoming conscious, as I rushed out, that the house was all in an uproar to ascertain what had become of Miss Kate, who was nowhere to be found.

I went home in rather a dangerous state of mind, with a strong inclination to knock my head against all the stone walls, and jump into all the running streams. Through the livelong night I dreamed alternately of Kate Willis's velvet cheeks and bright eyes, and Aunt Betsey's gigantic box of rappee.

The next day I met Effie Miller on the village street. I had no particular desire to stop and exchange civilities, but she put out her little hand before I could slip past, so I came to an unwilling halt.

"This is a decidedly romantic affair, Mr. Simpkins," she said.

No appropriate remark suggesting itself to me, I remained silent, and she went on:

"Uncle Willis, poor, dear man, thought his little bird safely caged; but when Aunt Betsey came in for her nap, Kate threw her shawl over the good soul, and slipped away. Harry was waiting at the foot of the orchard, and by the time the household was fairly roused, our little lady was Mrs. Wendell! Uncle Willis was very indignant, as you may guess, but there's nothing left for him now, but to make the best of it! Let me advise all Kate's other friends to follow the same wise course!"

And the mirthful damsel made me a low courtesy, and tripped saucily away.

I went mechanically down the street to the house among the honeysuckles. Mr. Willis sat on the porch, in an attitude of profound despair, his unsmoked cigar dying out between his lips, and his head resting on his hands. My few attempts at condolence were not graciously received.

"All your own fault, Simpkins, all your own fault!" he groaned, motioning me away. "Nobody but yourself to thank for it. If you had only had the sense to secure her the first evening!"

Yes, *if!* *If* I had discovered the Philosopher's Stone—*if* I had come into possession of a diamond mine! One hypothesis is about as likely as the other, where a bashful man is concerned!

And that's the way I lost the loveliest wife that ever made glad the heart of man. I am doomed to live and die an old bachelor now, for I shall never have courage to look another woman in the face. I feel like a mouse under a receiver, every time the rustle of silk or the flutter of muslin comes near me! Wonder what it is best to do under the circumstances. Would magnetism or electricity work any beneficial results? No. I begin to believe that I am one of the incurables whose cases become more desperate as they grow older. People out-grow near-sightedness—they recover from bruises—they grow convalescent after the severest illness—but there is no consolation—no hope for a Bashful Man!

FOREBODING DREAMS.

There are some queer statements on record connected with foreboding dreams. Lord Littleton, it is said, was warned of his death by a dream. Brand, in his "Popular Antiquities," tells of a seaman who suffered much from superstitious fears. When on the night-watch, he would see sights and hear noises—in the rigging and the deep—which kept him in a perpetual fever of alarm. One day the poor fellow imagined the Evil One visited him, and told him that he had only three days to live. His messmates all laughed at him. The next day he told them the arch fiend had paid him a second visit, announcing a repetition of the melancholy tidings. His friends expostulated with him, but it was no use. Now, the morning of the fatal day happened to be stormy, and the dreamer, with others, was sent aloft. Before he ascended he bade his messmates farewell, telling them he had received a third warning, and he was confident he should be dead before night. He ascended into the rigging with this terrible foreboding on his mind, and, losing his hold, fell upon the deck and was killed. Now, we can account for the result here by supposing the sailor to have taken a little too much strong drink before leaving port, and when at sea, and deprived of liquor, to have been afflicted with *delirium tremens* so terribly that the dreams and their results were quite natural.

Probably the causes of all these forewarnings can be traced as easily: in other words, they lie in a weak or disordered mind and a shattered system. Take the case of Galba, the successor of Nero. It is said his death was foretold him by a marble statue of Fortune, which stood in the Tusculum, at Rome. It seems he had coquetted with this statue, as well as another—the Capitoline Venus—and that he had, in the excess of his admiration, adorned Fortune with a splendid necklace of brilliants. The charms of Venus, however, finally prevailed over those of Fortune, and the necklace was ultimately presented to the Goddess of Beauty. In consequence of this, the slighted, insulted Fortune, appeared to Galba in his sleep, and, upbraiding him with his infidelity, told him he should be deprived of all the gifts she had lavished upon him: soon after which he perished. Now Galba was seventy-two years old when he was slain by his soldiers, and what with age and a fruition of honors, was reduced to a very weak state of mind, or he never would have, just before that event, gone into ecstacies about the marble statue. It may be inferred, hence, that the very imbecility, or second childishness, which would prompt him to hang a necklace of diamonds around the neck of a marble form, would not be able to overcome its indignant visitation in a dream, because of bestowing its property on a rival. Again he read his fate in his own wickedness and folly. He knew that the outraged Roman soldiers would soon vent their hatred in his death.

DEFECTIVE TITLES.

A farmer purchased on credit a farm in the eastern part of the State of New York. He was an industrious, efficient man, and devoted himself to its cultivation. At the end of a dozen years, it was the finest farm in the township. By years of toil and self-denial, the owner had paid for it, and put it in a high state of cultivation.

A stranger called at his house one day, and exhibited the ground of his claim to the farm. Legal advice was sought. The result was that the farmer's title was found to be defective. He had purchased from a man who had no right to sell, and his deed was found to be simply a quit-claim. There was nothing left for him to do but to give up his farm or buy it over again. Fortunately, the claimant was not an extortioner. A compromise was effected.

Defective titles are not confined to lands. One may have a great reputation for talent and learning, or efficiency. The possession of a reputation, does not prove that one has a good title to it. There are modes of getting a good reputation without paying for it, or without paying the right price, and the right persons. Such reputations are very undesirable, though they are eagerly sought by many. Sooner or later, the defective title will become known. In such cases there can be no compromise. The reputation must be given up.

The title of one to the esteem of his fellow-men may be defective. He may be in possession of their esteem. Time shall show that his apparent generosity was a cloak for selfishness, that his apparent honesty was a sham. The defect in his title becomes known. He loses the respect and esteem of his fellow-men. No compromise can be made by which he shall retain it.

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PROOF OF MEANNESS.—"Nothing," says John Foster, "more palpably betrays littleness, meanness of soul, than a supercilious looking down on estimable friends, of inferior order, after a man has attained some unexpected elevation." And yet nothing is more common. A man meets with a sudden increase of wealth, and he fails to recognize as acquaintances those whose favor he once courted. A man forms some distinguished acquaintances, and the plain people with whom he was glad to associate are passed by. According to Foster, there must be a great deal of meanness of soul in the world.

COMPENSATIONS.

BY MARY FORREST.

The bird in his eyrie, the sweet silver fall,
Of fountains and moonbeams, soft shadows, and all
Earth's archetype beauty, our loved ones recall;
For they come on the heart like the spell and a balm:
Like low tender voices in love's hallowed psalm;
They are mystical tokens of good out of sight,
Pure opaline rays from the fountain of light;
They are clear angel-whispers that thrill us and leave us,
They are liftings and floatings of wings that bereave us,
And so they bring the beloved again;
Bring over the eyes that are deepest and clearest
To look into ours with the love that is dearest:
Bring lips that are holy to soothe us and bless us,
Bring beautiful hands to fold o'er and caress us,
Bring graces supernal and sibylline gleams,
And all that we've cherished in music and dreams—
A joy that is exquisite pain.

◆

"ALL IS WELL."

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Mine was a comfortable, cosy residence in the country, away from the rumble and turmoil of life's busy conflict; where the streams murmured over their pebbly beds; where the great old woods broke pleasantly upon the scene; and where emerald hills and purple mountains lifted their heads in the middle distance, and in the background. The house of my nearest neighbor could not be seen from my piazza in the summer-time, for the orchard and garden swept that way, and the foliage was thick.

One afternoon, in early Autumn, as I sat in my library, with a book in my lap, and my eyes closed, our female servant came and informed me that a gentleman was in the parlor, who wished to see me. I went down, and was soon holding by the hand Andrew Walsington.

Andrew Walsington and I were born in the same town; we had been brought up together, upon the play-ground, and in the school-room; and in later times we had been fast friends. Still, it had been several years now since I had been his companion, as he had been in business in the city, while I had been domiciled in the country; but we had met occasionally, and had sometimes corresponded. I knew that he was married; that his wife was of one of the best families in New York; and that he had two beautiful children. I greeted him right warmly, and assured him that he was welcome; and when I had led him into my library, I asked him if he had come to make me a visit.

"Yes," he replied, with a faint smile, "I have come to make a short one. I am not well, Fred., and I have run away from my business."

There was no need of his telling me that he was not well. I could see it in his every look and motion. His face was pale; the veins upon his white brow were darkly drawn; and his limbs trembled as though their nervous strength was gone. I feared that he was going to have a fever; and I told him so.

"No," he said, with another of those faint smiles. "You need not fear that I shall be sick on your hands. I am only weary and exhausted. I want a little time to think, and then I shall be moving."

I told him that he was welcome to rest beneath my roof as long as he wished; and I assured him that if he was sick he should be nursed. He thanked me, and then, of his own accord, turned the conversation upon subjects connected with our youthful days. As we talked of those bygone times the color flushed back to his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with something of their wonted lustre; but the change was not permanent. The moment he was left to his own thoughts the old prostration came over him, and more than once he sighed as though in pain.

By and by I called my wife up, and while she was present Andrew seemed himself again. He had known her in youth, and she had been his friend. When she was simple Mary Carter he had hoped to win her love; but there had been a point in his character which she feared, and she did not trust her future in his hands.

After Mary had gone to get tea, I went down and asked her if there was not some wine in the house. She told me there were several bottles in the cellar, just as they had been sent by our friend in Naples. She had used part of a bottle by advice of the physician; and she had given a sick neighbor two or three bottles; and the rest were in the basket where they had been put two years before.

"I have thought," I said, "that a little good old wine might be a help to Walsington. He seems very low and despondent; and I think he has been in the habit of taking wine."

My wife put her hand upon my arm, and looked up into my face.

"No," she said, solemnly, "I would not offer it to him. If he asks for it, it will be time then to consider. I remember, when he was younger—when he was just opening into manhood—that he drank too much. No, Frederick,—let us not be the tempters to put the cup to his lips."

I acknowledged that my wife was right; and I went back without the wine. I expected that my guest would ask for it, but he did not, and I was much relieved; for I remembered how unfortunate he had been in youth, and it would have pained me to have been obliged to refuse him such a request.

We spent the evening in the parlor, with music and conversation, and at an early hour retired to rest. I asked Walsington if I could do anything for him before he went to bed, but he said no. He hoped he should feel better in the morning.

The morning came, bright and beautiful, but Andrew Walsington was no better. In fact, he seemed more despondent, and his face looked paler and thinner. He saw how anxious we were, and he urged us not to worry on his account.

"If you will allow me to feel that I am not fretting you, I shall make myself contented. I am not well, as you can see; but a little rest, and a few days in this pure, fresh air, will certainly revive me. If I trouble you, I will leave at once; but I like not the thought of a public house."

We assured him that he was at home—that he might do as he pleased—and that his presence would not worry us. And I furthermore told him, if he would contrive to amuse himself that day, I would spend the next with him, either in the woods or upon the stream. He smiled as he thanked me; and after breakfast he walked away over the hills.

According to promise, on the following morning I gave myself up to Walsington's direction, and he chose to take our fowling-pieces, and go to the woods. We did so, and when night came he seemed quite like a well man; but before we retired the pallor was back in his face, and he seemed more despondent than before. I found that it worried him when we alluded to his suffering, or when we seemed to notice it; so I was as cheerful as possible, and Mary played some of her merriest music upon the piano.

A few evenings after that I had an invitation, for myself and family, to attend a military festival at the village, and as Mary and I had concluded to go, we asked Walsington to accompany us. At first he hesitated, but finally concluded to go. The assembly was large, and three tables, extending the whole length of the spacious hall, were filled. The soup and meats had been removed; a few speeches had been made; and then the toast-master took the head of the table, and the word was passed to fill the glasses. The man who sat opposite filled two glasses, and pushed one of them over to my friend. The toast was a national one, and as the band struck up a patriotic air, Walsington picked up his glass, and lifted it towards his lips. I was watching him, for his movement was peculiar. There was a flush upon his face; his whole frame quivered; and the glass was clutched eagerly. It was almost to his lips, when his motion was suspended, and for a moment his body seemed rigid as marble. His face turned ashy pale; a quick breath burst from his bosom; and as the tremor came back, the glass dropped from his quaking hand, and the blood-red wine was spilled upon the table-cloth. He turned, and whispered to me that he was not well, and then arose and left the hall. I followed him out, and found him leaning against a corner of the building, with his head bowed upon his hands.

"It is nothing," he said, in answer to my eager inquiry. "It was only a passing shock. Do you go back to your wife, and I will go home. I am better now. Come—do not let me feel that I am breaking up your enjoyment. Remember your promise."

He started off as he ceased speaking, and when I saw that he was bound towards my dwelling, I went back into the hall; but ere long Mary and I followed him. We found him in the library, and his first speech was to beg of us not to ask him any questions; and, as soon as he could do so with propriety, he went off to bed.

What did all this mean? My wife and I talked about the matter, and our conclusion was that our friend was insane—that a close attention to business, or some trouble of mind, had touched his brain. If such should prove to be the case we might have a delicate duty to perform.

On the following morning Walsington did not answer the breakfast bell. We waited some minutes, and finally I concluded to go up and see if anything ailed him. I reached his door, and as I found it unfastened, I opened it without knocking. Walsington sat upon the edge of the bed, with his shirt thrown open at the throat, and in his right hand was a razor! I started forward with an exclamation of horror, and he dropped the razor upon the bed.

"Ha, ha," he laughed, struggling to his feet, and putting out his hand as though to keep me away. "A curious fancy seized me. I was going to shave off my moustache. I didn't think it was so late. But I won't do it now. I'll be right down, Fred. Don't wait for me."

I didn't choose to say anything to him then of the terrible conviction that had fastened itself upon my mind; but I did not mean to leave him. As the only material for shaving which he had was the razor, and as he had no warm water, his assertion was rather dubious. I told him that his moustache was a handsome one, and that he had better let it be; and I also told him I would wait for him while he dressed. He offered no objection, and in a little while he was ready to follow me. At the breakfast-table he appeared more cheerful than he had been before since he had been with us; but I could see that it was all forced. When he arose from the table I followed him into the parlor. He seemed to read my intent, for, as soon as we were alone, he laid his hand upon my arm, and said to me, slowly and solemnly—

"Fred., you need not be uneasy. I feel better than I did this morning, and that odd notion has left me. *I will let my moustache remain where it is!* And now let me walk awhile alone."

I suffered him to go out into the garden, and when I saw that he was walking quietly up and down among the rose bushes, I went up to the library. I did not tell my wife what I had seen in the bed-chamber, for I knew it would only worry her needlessly.

Towards noon the post-boy came with our letters and papers, and I went down into the parlor to read them with Mary. In a little while Walsington came in, and for some time we were busy over the news. My wife was reading a New York daily journal.

"I often think," she said, looking up from the paper, "that in these little advertisements, which appear so simple and trivial to us, there may be locked up some deep and wondrous heart-secrets."

"Aye," I replied; "I have often thought so myself."

"Secrets, perhaps," added Walsington, mournfully, "of broken hearts and lost souls!"

"Who shall say," resumed my wife, "how much of moment to some erring brother, may be contained in these few lines?—who shall say that they may not save him to whom they are addressed?" And as she spoke she laid the paper down, with her finger upon the paragraph to which she had alluded. It was a simple advertisement, and read as follows:—

ANDY W.—ALL IS WELL! Father forgives you, and says—"Try once more." Come—O, come to your BELL.

"What is it?" asked Walsington, after I had looked at the paper.

I handed it to him, remarking, as I did so—

"That is all."

He read the advertisement, and I saw him turn pale. He read it again. The paper dropped upon the floor, and bowing his head upon his hands, he burst into tears. A little while he sat thus, sobbing convulsively, and then he started to his feet.

"God bless you!" he cried, resting his quivering hand upon my head. "God bless you forever! By coming to me this morning you saved the life of a household! I must leave you now; but I shall see you again; I shall see you, and explain all this."

"But," I said, "you will not leave us yet. You are going to New York?"

"Yes."

"The cars will not be along for two hours yet, and it is not over ten minutes' walk to the depot."

He sank back into his chair, and after awhile he got up and paced the floor. By and by he had grown quite calm, and once more he seated himself.

"You have a right to know my story," he said; "and I shall tell it to you. Spare me all unnecessary remark. Leave your comment to some future time.

"You know what has been the one accursing weakness of my life. You know how I suffered, and how I made my friends suffer, in the years agone. When I went to New York I resolved to do better; and for two years I did not touch the bitter cup. I went into business with John Williams, and married his sister Isabella. You know how beautiful she is; but you do not yet know how good and true she is. I had not been married over six months when, at an evening party, I took wine, and the evil spirit was again with me. I fell, and was mad. But I was forgiven, and trusted as before. Ere long I fell again—and then again! There are weeks—aye, months—that I dare not bring back to memory. I became worse and worse. Then I arose again, and for three months I was a man. A few weeks ago I fell again, and was carried to my home in a state of gross intoxication. For some days I followed the downward course, and my home was turned into a hell. Finally my wife's father came to carry his daughter away. He said he would not leave her with me any longer. I swore he should not have her, but he would not listen to my remonstrance. He told me I was a beast, and unworthy the love of any true-hearted woman; and then he bade his child go with him. I was mad—I was drunk,—and as the old man turned scornfully from me, I clenched my fist and struck him in the throat. He fell to the floor, and a stream of blood trickled out from his mouth. I thought I had killed him, and in my frightful agony I sank down by his side and cried aloud. I lifted his limp form from the floor, and bore it to a sofa; but I could see no signs of life.

"My wife had double cause for alarm. If her father was dead, her husband was a murderer, and would be apprehended as such! With this thought she urged me to fly. 'Fly! fly!' she cried, 'and I will call for other help.' She told me if I would hasten away she would do all for the best; and that in some way she would let me know the result. With my brain in a whirl, and almost unconscious of what I did, I seized my hat and fled from the house. Two nights I spent in the open air. Then I came to you. What has happened since you know. If you had not found me as you did this morning, I should not have lived to see this hour. I slept not a wink last night, and when this day's sun arose I had resolved to die. But, as sure as God lives, I am now saved! That advertisement is from my Bella. Her father lives, and forgives me! They will try me once more. O! as I hope for heaven in the life to come, this life shall be cursed no more by the fatal cup!"

As he had requested, we made no remarks upon the subject of his story, nor did we ask him any questions. I went with him to the depot, and saw him depart for New York.

A week after that I received a letter from him, the substance of which was—"ALL IS WELL!"

Almost ten years have passed since that eventful time, and Andrew Walsington is to-day one of the happiest men in the great city. He writes to me often, and at the close of every letter he puts the magic words—"ALL IS WELL!"

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WOULD YOU HAVE IT OTHERWISE?

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Two men met on the public highway, stopped, clasped hands, and looked at each other for some moments, without speaking. The face of one of them was worn, exhausted, and shaded by trouble; that of the other calm, elevated, and full of sympathetic life.

"I thought you were tripple guarded," said the calm-faced man.

"And I was," replied the other. "Human prudence could do no more. I saw where other men were weak or foolish, and took warning. I never acted from impulse; never let a too eager desire for gain betray me into unsafe lines of business. I built on solid foundations. And yet, for all this, I am little else than a beggar to-day. It is hard, Mr. Melville! And I feel a sense of wrong. What have I done, to be thus punished? I can show a fair record. No man can say that I ever overreached him in business; nor any poor man that I have withheld his wages, or oppressed him in any thing. I have been just and honorable in my dealings, which cannot be said of many who still count their wealth by tens of thousands. Talk of Providence ruling for good in the world! I am not able to see it clearly."

"But you will see it," answered the one who had been addressed as Mr. Melville. "The dust and smoke of falling and consuming fortune, have blinded your eyes."

"I shall never see the justice that lies in an almost wanton destruction of my house, while my neighbor's, every brick of which is cemented to its fellows by some wrong deed, stands scatheless."

"You state your view of the case broadly, Mr. Andrews."

"Yet with exact truth," was answered.

"A year hence, and, in re-stating the case, you will omit the term wanton."

"No sir! That is wanton which looks to no good end."

"If good is not regarded, then evil must be the inspiring motive," said Mr. Melville. "And so, in referring your misfortune to Providence, you charge God with evil."

"I leave you, as a clergyman, to settle that point," replied Mr. Andrews, with signs of impatience. "I am unable to see beyond the circle in which I stand. Six months ago, I was in the enjoyment of a handsome property, honestly acquired, through years of patient labor in a useful calling. To-day I stand stripped of everything. If not a sparrow falls unnoted to the ground—if the very hairs of our head are numbered—all this must have reached me through the permissions, if not the ordinations, of Providence. So you read the event, I am sure."

"So I read it, Mr. Andrews."

"And God is good and just?"

"Essentially good and just."

"Expound the riddle then."

"I may give you the clue by which to expound it for yourself. Undoubting convictions only come to us as the result of experience. After we have lived through our disciplinary states, we rise to higher spiritual elevations, thus gaining a clearer atmosphere, and a wider range of vision. Now, you are feeling around you, with uncertain hands, in the obscurity of a deep and narrow valley; but out of this hindering state, you will surely rise, and see the broad fields rich with an eternal verdure that your stronger hands may reap, and mountains bathed in heaven's own sunlight, to whose summits you will have strength to climb. The clue I offer is in this proposition, the truth of which is as clear to me as sunlight: The purposes of God, in all His Providential dealings with man, have regard to his spiritual well being, and look to his eternal happiness in heaven; *and to this end, all natural events are made subservient.* If continued worldly prosperity will best aid in the implantation of germs of spiritual life, and stimulate their growth, then worldly misfortunes will not come; but if sorrows, troubles, or losses are needed, these, in tender mercy, will be sent. So far as my observation goes, the sunshine of worldly prosperity is not favorable to the growth of a divine life in the human soul. It dries the seed, and burns up the tender shooting plants; or so stimulates the growth of noxious weeds, that they spring up with a rank vitality and choke the heavenly verdure."

Mr. Andrews bent his head and listened. There was a pause, but he did not answer.

"I will not press the subject now," said the clergyman. "Take the clue I have given, and by means thereof search for the higher truths to which it will lead. *God regards eternal ends.* Fix that in your thought. Dwell upon it. Try to understand the immortal, the eternal interests it involves; and, in the effort, light will descend into your mind. God is our father, and, as a father, will never permit pain to reach us except as a warning against soul-destroying evils, even as pain of body warns us of the encroachments of diseases that would destroy its life."

The two men parted. Mr. Andrews took with him the clue his minister had given. At first he could not hold it steadily. It would drop from his hand and seem lost. But, conscious that he was in a wilderness, out of which no blind reasonings of his own could extricate him, he would grapple after the clue, and, when found again, hold it with a firmer grasp.

"Eternal ends." Often he found himself repeating the words, while thought lifted itself now upward into purer regions, or went searching down into his heart, turning over motives and purposes, and discovering in many lurking places hidden things of selfishness that could not stand unabashed in the pure light of Christian truth. He had been for years building his house upon the sands, and now he began to see how uncertain were the foundations.

A year afterwards. Let us see how the discipline of misfortune has wrought with Mr. Andrews. Let us see whether he has kept hold of the clue, and whether it has led him out of the bewildering maze in which he found himself. The time is evening. He is sitting, with his eyes on a book. The apartment is small, plainly furnished, but neat. A woman comes in, with a work-basket in her hand, and placing it on a table, sits down near him. He lifts his eyes and looks at her a moment or two, with a gentle smile of welcome on his lips, and then drops them again on the page before him. The face of the woman is peaceful, and yet, in her eyes, and around her lips, you can see the signs of past suffering. A little while, and then both look up and listen. A few moments, and the door is opened.

"Mr. Melville!" The voices that greet the minister are full of welcome.

"I was thinking of you but an instant ago," falls from the lips of Mr. Andrews.

"Our thoughts often go before us, and announce our coming," is answered.

A pleasant exhilaration of mind follows. Mr. Andrews is smiling and cheerful, and his wife leans and listens with consenting interest as her husband and the minister fall into conversation.

"I think," said Mr. Melville, during the progress of this conversation, "that you kept firm hold of the clue I gave months ago, and that it has enabled you to find the way out of labyrinthine doubt into sunny regions."

"I see things very differently to-day," was answered.

"Consider my question closely. Would you have it otherwise than it is?"

"Otherwise?"

"Strike, in your thought, the balance of loss and gain. Are you better off, or worse off, than you were a year ago?"

Mr. Andrews dropped his eyes, and began pondering the question. He understood the higher meanings that were in Mr. Melville's mind.

"How are your mental states?"

"More peaceful!"

"And your heart?"

"Not so wedded to the things of this world, which are forever changing, alluring, disappointing."

"Things more satisfying are yours. Truths, the full acknowledgement of which lifts you into regions of angelic thought, and the life of which introduces you into angelic companionship. You are happier than you were?"

"I am in greater tranquility. Life has deeper satisfactions. And I can see farther beyond. Accumulated wealth, with an ever-growing desire to make larger and still larger accumulations, walled me round, and shut away from my vision the world of richer beauty, I now see, and towards which I am trying to walk."

"In striking the balance, then, the larger figures are on the side of gain."

"Yes, if the things of the spirit are of more value than the things of sense."

"And they are. So far outside of all comparison are worldly riches and spiritual riches, that between them we can hardly say there is a relation of values.

"'Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.'

No external change; no robbery; no commercial disaster can touch this wealth. It is ours in spite of all that man can do. God, in his Providence, does not suffer it to be wasted; but all his dealings with the children of men are to the end that it may be stored up in their minds for use; and in using it they have undying felicities. But returning to my question—Would you have it otherwise than it is? Would you take back the fortune that dropped from your possession a year ago, if, with the fortune, your old mental and moral states must also be restored?"

For a little while Mr. Andrews leaned his head in thought. Then looking up, he pronounced an emphatic—

"No."

"God knows best," said the minister. "Too wise to err, too good to be unkind, all his Providences are in love. It is our misjudgment that questions their origin and ends. We set our hearts on natural things that perish in the using—that almost always disturb or create inordinate desires, which grow more clamorous with every gain. But God's regard for these never goes beyond their service of a more interior life; and he permits their enjoyment, or not, as giving or withholding may serve the higher ends. Would He be good, and wise, and merciful were this not so? Who does not blame the weak parent who indulges the natural inclinations of his children, to the destruction of those unselfish and noble qualities that give to matured life the beauty and strength of a well-disciplined manhood? Shall God be more foolish in dealing with His children during their probationary minority in this world? If we call evil good, He will not. You say 'No,' you would not have it otherwise than it is. In what marked respect is it better with you than it was before?"

"Briefly, in this: I was a church member. I desired to live as a Christian man. I looked to heaven as my eternal dwelling place after life's fitful fever. But, interiorly, I was selfish and worldly minded. All my thoughts revolved around myself. In my eager pursuit of riches, imagination toyed with possession and built grand castles for poor natural life to dwell in. It was self—self—self. There was rarely a thought of stewardship. For me the sun shone, the grass grew, the landscape spread itself in beauty. I became colder and colder toward our common humanity; and from living the bad precept, 'Every man for himself,' began confirming it as a right axiom. Thus it was with me when a good Providence removed the worldly blessings that I was using to the destruction of my soul; for, if to the end of life, I had so kept on, turning myself away from humanity and from God, could I have risen, at death, into heaven? I fear not!"

"So the discipline which was so bitter at first, gives sweetness now?"

"Yes. And though poorer than a year ago, I am richer in the more perfect enjoyment of what things I have, and my future is luminous with brighter hopes."

"God's ways are not as our ways," said Mr. Melville.

"But they are the true ways, and lead to heavenly felicities," was the peaceful answer.

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NATURE understands no jesting: she is always true, always serious, always severe; she is always right, and the errors and faults are always those of man. I am certain that many an intellectual disease would find a wholesome remedy in the study of nature.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER
BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

If all our faults, our little tricks, our petty cozenings, our bo-peep moods with truth and justice, could be sent upon us in the blankets, all embodied in fleas, how many of us with lily skins would get up spotted scarlet.

If a man who has got to the top of the hill by honesty is ashamed to turn about and look at the lowly road he travelled, he deserves to be taken by the neck and hurled down again.

In the winter, the sun promises his coming by a long morning twilight, but, when he comes, he shines dimly and sets soon. And so with men, the longer their promises, the poorer their performances.

The cup of patience is carved by angelic hands, set round with diamonds from the mines of Eden, and filled at the eternal fount of goodness.

By constantly doing good, you can put the envious to such torture as you might enjoy if you had the malice of a fiend.

Nothing is nobler than the aristocracy instituted by God; few things are poorer than that set up by men.

The monument of the greatest should be but a bust and a name. If the name is insufficient to illustrate the bust, let both perish.

Wordsworth cautions a studious friend against "growing double," but the girls think it is the best thing a nice young man can do.

Dandies are made for the tailors. What would a tailor be without two or three dandies to show off his workmanship?

The laying on of hands, one of the old forms of healing, sometimes proves an aggravation in cases of love-sickness.

We are commanded to let our light shine before men; the man with a red nose keeps his light shining before himself.

He is a contemptible fellow that sneaks through life on tip-toe with his ears at the keyhole of everybody's business.

Most great inventions are gradually developed through a series of years. The age and not the man invents.

Almost every young lady is public-spirited enough to be willing to have her father's house used as a court-house.

It is the destiny of the obscure to be despised; it is the privilege of the illustrious to be hated.

It is fortunate for Fortune that she is blind, else she might blush to behold the fools she patronizes.

If a man is doomed to the stake, he would generally prefer that it should be beef or venison.

If you wish to have a writer's praise, take especial care to write a little worse than he does.

If a steamboat gives her passengers too narrow berths, they should give her a wide one.

Many a person who has founded a party or a sect has afterwards dumbfounded it.

The law should clench its fists when it finds rogues slipping through its fingers.

The cedars of Lebanon are probably the oldest trees in the world except the elder trees.

Respectability is a thing that many people are very willing to run in debt for.

Treat your family kindly, but put your horses and cattle nightly to the rack.

If a man cannot argue without swearing and cursing, his discussions are too cursory.

A due-bill puts an additional pair of wings to the back of Time.

It is very foolish for people to put themselves to the trouble to be ill-natured.

A woman without any dissimulation at all has a grace the less, and a sigh the more.

Goodness does not more certainly make men happy than happiness makes them good.

Difficulties and strong men, like strop and razor, are made for each other.

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CURRENT ITEMS.

The soldiers in some portions of our army display the highest powers of strategy in their schemes for smuggling liquor and other contraband articles into camp. One day, not long since, a party started out with their coffee-pots to get a supply of milk, but on their return, the officer of the day, thinking he smelt whiskey, ordered every man to give him a sample of their milk, which they at once did by pouring out a lot of the lacteal fluid, and were then allowed to pass. That night, whiskey was found to be abundant in camp, and then it was discovered that the soldiers had sealed up the lower parts of the spouts of their coffee-pots with bread, *filled the spouts with milk and the pots with whiskey*, and so passed the inspection of the officer.

A couple of boatmen got into a quarrel at Memphis, a short time since, about the sum of twenty-five cents, for which they had played a game at cards, and as each was saucy and aggravating, they were soon engaged in a savage rough-and-tumble fight, pummeling, biting and gouging each other in the real Mississippi flatboat style, to the great delight of a crowd of spectators. The result of the fight was the loss of an eye and three teeth on the part of one of the belligerents, and a part of one ear and a mouthful of one cheek on the part of the other.

As a company of school-girls in Montreal were telling ghost-stories during the morning recess, the preceptress rapped on her desk to indicate that the recess had closed, and a little girl who was sitting in the window listening to the ghostly tales with wide-open eyes and wrapt senses, leaped suddenly out of the window, and falling some twenty feet, was so badly injured that she died in the course of the day.

A process of embalming dead bodies has been adopted at Washington and is to be practiced in our army generally, whereby the corpse is preserved by injecting it with a fluid that was invented for that purpose by a distinguished French physician and chemist. By this means the color and features of a soldier who has died from illness or wounds, or been slain outright, are faithfully preserved.

A couple of boys, each about seventeen years of age, who were hunting, in Kansas, getting belated and losing their way on a vast prairie, were surrounded by wolves during the night; but the brave young fellows, nothing daunted, stood back to back, and with their rifles, revolvers and hunting-knives kept the wolves at bay till daylight, when the cowardly creatures sneaked away.

A private letter from a Californian to a friend in this city, states that the notion that a grizzly bear can't climb a tree is "all humbug," as the writer thereof was lately not only treed, but *followed up the tree* by a grizzly, and only saved himself from falling into the clutches of the monster by disabling him with half-a-dozen balls from his revolver, which made him (the bear) so dizzy-headed that he fell to the ground and then crawled away.

A man in Maryland was lately arrested and held to bail in the sum of ten thousand dollars to stand his trial for inhumanly beating his own daughter, a young lady seventeen years old, because she gave refreshments to three Federal soldiers who stopped at her father's house while on scouting duty, she having a lover in the United States army, and her father being disloyal in his sentiments and sympathies.

A couple of gamblers recently got into a quarrel in a low den in Water street, and drawing their knives, cut and thrust at each other until one gave the other a severe and perhaps fatal wound in the breast, when a policeman, hearing the row, came in and sent the wounded man to the hospital, and took the other to the Tombs.

An attack was made a short time since, upon a small party of young men who were hunting in the northwestern part of Texas, by a war-party of Indians; but the hunters gained the cover of a clump of trees, and did such deadly execution with their rifles that the savages at last fled, carrying off their killed and wounded with them.

A young lady and gentleman who were riding in a buggy near Bowling Green, Ky., were upset and thrown down an embankment some fifteen feet high, and although the buggy was crushed and the horse had one of his legs broken, the lovers (for such they were) escaped without the slightest injury.

The body of a well-dressed woman was taken from the East river, opposite Greenpoint, the other morning. The deceased appeared to have been about twenty-five years old, and was good-looking. Nothing could be found on the body whereby it could be identified.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1861.

We always stop the Ledger at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue it, it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

No Travelling Agents.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends to act as such for us, you can put him down as a swindler.

PROSPECTUS

OF

THE NEW YORK LEDGER,

FOR 1862.

The Ledger has been more prosperous—has made more money during the past twelve months—than any other paper, either daily or weekly, published in New York or any other city in this country. The great reason why the Ledger has been so much more successful than any or all other papers is, that we have not hesitated to spend money freely in securing the services of all the great and popular writers of the country. While other papers have been compelled to economize—to cut down the size of their sheets, and print on a poor quality of paper, we have, on the other hand, been enabled to keep up to the highest point of excellence, in every respect, and to avail ourselves of all the improvements and novelties which would tend to the entertainment and gratification of our readers. We have never offered any humbug premiums to secure subscribers, for the reason that we have preferred to put *merit*, or *premium* into the paper itself, and in that way give every reader more than the worth of his money. Besides, nine out of every ten papers that have offered premiums have been swindling concerns, and every paper that has anything to do with that sort of thing is sure to die. *They are not conducted on sound business principles.*

The following are the names of some of our leading contributors for the new year—1862. What other paper ever presented such an array of distinguished and popular names:

Hon. Edward Everett, Rev. John S. C. Abbott, William Cullen Bryant, A. Oakey Hall, John G. Saxe, George P. Morris, N. P. Willis, George D. Prentice, Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., Emerson Bennett, William Ross Wallace, T. S. Arthur, P. Hamilton Myers, Col. Walter B. Dunlap, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Southworth, Fanny Fern, Anna Cora Ritchie, Alice Cary, Mary Forrest, Miss E. A. Dupuy, Mary Stanley Gibson, and many clergymen, professors in colleges, statesmen, and other eminent writers residing in different parts of the Union.

Our *corps* of contributors for the coming year will be so large, and will embrace such a variety of eminent talent, that every department of literature will receive the particular attention of some one competent to do it ample and special justice. In fact, our contributors will send us from week to week much more matter than we can possibly use, so that we shall always have a fresh and superabundant supply from which to select THE VERY BEST.

The Ledger's great success is owing to the fact that we spare no expense in getting up the BEST FAMILY PAPER—a paper of high moral tone. The exalted reputation of its contributors, the practical and invariably pure and healthy character of all its articles, the care which is taken that not even one offensive word shall appear in its columns, and the superiority of its Tales and Sketches, have gained for the New York Ledger a position that no literary paper has ever before reached.

As this is the season of the year when Postmasters and others are in the habit of forming clubs, we direct their particular attention to

OUR TERMS.

Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

☞ We employ no travelling agents.

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No. 40 Park Row, New York.

AFTER DARK.

Reader, let us suppose ourselves in the family room of a well-ordered, well-to-do, happy city household, after dark. It is cold December, but the warmth that met us at the door like a welcome is genial as the breath of June. The firelight mingles pleasantly with the gaslight, and on the soft rug, within its immediate glow, lies the family cat, curled into a ball, and intimating, in musical undertones, her "measureless content." Around the large centre table, covered with holiday books, games and newspapers, are seated happy children, and a matronly face that may have been fairer and smoother twenty years since, but was never handsomer than now, leans lovingly toward the group with motherly pride and affection in its every lineament. A portly pater-familias, at whose head Father Time has tossed a snowball or two, sits in a Sleepy-Hollow of an arm-chair on one side of the ruddy hearth, and a grand-motherly old lady, on whose features the invisible crows that haunt the ruins of humanity have left innumerable foot-tracks, knits and nods in its fellow piece of furniture on the other. Into many such cozy and comfortable domestic interiors this very Ledger is sure to go, adding, we hope, to the fireside enjoyments of its inmates. As they read it or hear it read, what harm if we call their attention to the sadder aspects of the great city, which offers only its bright side to them. In the midst of comfort and abundance, surrounded with an atmosphere of affection, it is well to think of the horrible contrasts to such a scene which are to be found almost within hail of us.

What of the basements and garrets where poverty in all its squalid hideousness—fireless, breadless, hopeless, herds after dark! What of the prisons, where crime and conscience fight in the rayless gloom of the felon's cell! What of the charity hospital, where the pauper wrestles with the death agony, watched only by the rats! What of the multitudinous dens where guilt and shame of all degrees and shapes hold their gas-light saturnalia! What of the gambling hells, where madmen stake money they do not own against money they cannot win! What of the drinking saloons, where all the fiends lie *perdu* in casks and bottles, waiting to enter into the bodies and brains of men! Sitting in our comfortable parlors—those of us who have them—on a cold December night, it will do us no harm to think of the unfortunate thousands to whom After Dark brings no home-happiness; nothing but additional misery, and shame and sorrow. But to think of them, or even to pray for them, is not enough. God desires that every man who feels for the miserable, the fallen and the depraved, should be an active missionary of good, and that all whom He has blessed in basket and in store should be His almoners. There will be need of good Samaritans in New York this winter, and shame on the Levite who passes by on the other side. The bitter nights are upon us, and let us remember that wretchedness is never so supremely wretched, sin never so potent, as After Dark.

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A CHRISTMAS GAME.

The gift-giving festival of Christmas is at hand. As the war has diminished the incomes of some of our citizens, while many others wish to devote all their surplus to promoting the comfort of the troops, it is probable that the usual profusion of Christmas presents will not be exhibited this year. The French, we are told, have a Christmas game which serves as a substitute for the giving of presents, and creates, at the same time, a world of fun. It is said to have orginated at Coblentz, during the period when that town was filled with impoverished nobles, driven from France by the great revolution.

The game is played thus: The members of the party who expect to dine together on Christmas day, enter into a compact some days before the festival, by which each binds himself to give a present to *every* other person in the circle; but no present to cost more than a certain small number of cents, say, five, ten, fifteen, or, at the most, twenty-five. Ten cents is a very good sum for the purpose. Each, also, agrees to keep secret from the rest what he intends to give, and to convey to the house all his presents carefully wrapped up and sealed. The French, of course, display great taste in enclosing the articles, using a great variety of colored papers and ribbon, and putting the daintiest wrappings over the coarsest commodities. Each present must be labelled with the name of the giver and the recipient, and should contain a written sentence, or, (if agreed upon) a motto in verse, either original or selected. All the presents are to be delivered into the hands of a designated person (usually, one of the young ladies of the house) by twelve o'clock on Christmas day. They are arranged on a table, each person's presents being placed by themselves; and when all the guests are assembled, the door of the room is thrown open, and every one takes and opens his own.

Our readers can see what a chance this little game affords for the display of wit, ingenuity and taste. In selecting the gifts, the French display an astonishing fertility of resource, as well as a happy knack both in flattering and satirizing their friends in the distribution of the various articles. The reading aloud of the mottoes also creates a great deal of amusement. No article is so commonplace or insignificant but what it can be made to tell in the game. Admirable hits have been made with such as these: a gimlet, a pound of tenpenny nails, a thimble, a piece of soap, an almanac, a pumpkin; to say nothing of the serious articles, such as watch-guards, pin-cushions, and the other small wares, the work of ladies' fingers.

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WHAT IS SAID OF US ABROAD.

We are charged as a people with morbid sensibility to the sarcasms of foreign writers on our social and political peculiarities. Once the charge was true. Once the misrepresentations of the British tory editors, tourists and reviewers who made it their business to traduce us, provoked our ire, and to their taunts and falsehoods, even the gravest American presses made fierce and bitter reply. But we are less "thin-skinned" than of yore. The shafts that pierced and rankled deep in days gone by, now rattle almost unheeded against our indurated moral cuticle, and fall blunted at our feet like javelins from the hide of a rhinoceros. Ever since the commencement of the war we have been a target for the heavy cross-bolts of the London Times and other "insatiate archers" of the same kidney, while Punch and its kindred fun-ambulists of the British literary circus, have plied us with their keenest arrows of wit and humor. Yet the national equanimity is not disturbed. The declaration of an English peer that "the republican bubble had burst," and of an English baronet that a fourfold split awaited us, did not stir our bile; nor did the honors paid to an American traitor by a squad of Cockney fishmongers, in any wise ruffle us. Nay, more—we read composedly the sneering letters of a British spy, penned almost within the shadow of the national capitol, and shut up in measureless *contempt*, refrain from visiting upon him the usual penalties of violated hospitality and libellous abuse.

The cause of this forbearance is easily explained. The republic has suddenly become aware of its status and its strength, and from a true sense of its own dignity and power arises this indifference to foreign injustice and misapprehension. A nation that within eight months, and in the face of the most formidable rebellion the world has ever known, could create an efficient army of five hundred thousand soldiers, a navy (although not very energetically managed) of between two hundred and three hundred battle-ships, and a war fund of five hundred millions of dollars, with ample financial resources in abeyance, may well smile contemptuously at the predictions of prejudiced statesmen and the paper thunder of hireling editors and pamphleteers. The mighty results of our efforts tell us what we are, and in the presence of these results the hatred and uncharitableness of our transatlantic enemies seem of little moment.

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The Hon. Edward Everett, who is universally regarded as the ablest exponent of the policy, traditions, and rights of the American Government, and the only living representative of our school of great statesmen, as well as the most accomplished scholar of the age, will continue his able and elegant "Leisure Hours" in the Ledger for the coming year. His recent articles in the Ledger on current events have been republished in the leading newspapers of this country and Europe, and have attracted the attention of the leading statesmen on both sides of the Atlantic, and have been read, as we happen to know, with much interest by some of the crowned heads of the old world.

◆

The Ledger Poets.—No paper ever published in this country has ever presented to its readers such an array of poetical talent as the Ledger now exhibits. Look at the names: William Cullen Bryant, George D. Prentice, Rev. Ralph Hoyt, N. P. Willis, John G. Saxe, George P. Morris, Fred. S. Cozzens, William Ross Wallace, Mrs. Sigourney, Alice Cary, Emma Alice Browne, and many others.

◆

We are certain our readers will be glad to learn that Rev. John S. C. Abbott will continue to contribute to the Ledger during the coming year his admirable historical sketches of the great military achievements of the heroes of the past, which have such a peculiarly fascinating interest during these stirring times of war.

◆

In this number of the Ledger we publish (complete) a new and beautiful Christmas story, entitled, "The Tale of a Christmas-Eve Juryman," by A. Oakey Hall, Esq., our newly-elected District Attorney, and author of "Old White's Xmas Trot," a very popular tale, published by the Harpers some years ago.

MARENGO.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

When Napoleon returned from Egypt, the latter part of the year 1799, he found republican France assailed, both by sea and land, by the combined fleets and armies both of England and Austria. The peril of France was so great that dictatorial power seemed essential for its salvation. Napoleon, by general acclaim, was placed at the head of the government, with the title of Consul.

His first act was to write to both England and Austria, imploring peace. Both governments contemptuously refused to heed his appeal. An Austrian army 150,000 strong was on the banks of the Rhine, menacing the northern provinces of France. Napoleon placed 150,000 veterans, the élite of the French army, under the command of Moreau, and sent them to repel these invaders. The work was effectually accomplished in the great battle of Hohenlinden.

The Austrian general Melas, with 140,000 men, was marching upon France through western Italy. He had already reached the plains from which the Alps ascend, and was preparing to penetrate France through the undefended defiles. Napoleon formed the plan of presenting no resistance to the head of these formidable columns, but secretly to cross the Alps, where his passage would not be thought of, and to assail the foe unexpectedly, and with overwhelming energy, in their rear.

Sixty-five thousand troops were assembled, at points on the eastern frontiers of France, where they would attract but little observation, but from which, at a few hours' notice, they could be concentrated at the contemplated rendezvous at Dijon. From this station, at the foot of the Alps, almost with a rush they were to cross the pass of the Great Saint Bernard, and to sweep down, like an avalanche, upon the Austrian hosts. The minutest details of the expedition were arranged with the utmost care, that there should be no possibility of failure. Immense magazines of provisions were collected. An ample amount of gold was placed in the army chest to hire the peasants, with their mules, to aid in dragging the guns over the pass. Mechanic shops rose, as by magic, all along the way, to repair promptly every possible breakage. The ammunition was stored in small boxes, which could be transported on the backs of mules. Hospitals were established on both sides of the pass.

On the summit of the mountain is a convent of world-wide renown. The monks were provided with an ample supply of bread and cheese, and a cup of wine to present to each soldier as he passed. Napoleon superintended all these details, while, at the same time, he arranged all the comprehensive combinations of the campaign. As the precipitous path could only be trod in single file, the carriages were taken to pieces, and slung on poles, carried by men. Large pine logs were split and hollowed out, so that the heavy guns could be fastened in the grooves, and thus they were dragged, by long strings of mules, in single file. When the mules failed a hundred men were harnessed to a single gun. The summit of the pass is eight thousand feet above the sea. The distance across, from the plains of France to the plains of Italy, is twenty miles.

Though there were several disasters by the way, and not a few lost their lives, the feat, which had been deemed impossible, was accomplished, and the army appeared, as if it had descended from the clouds, upon the plains of Italy, traversing the banks of the Aosta. The Austrians, who were eagerly crowding upon the frontiers of France, had no conception of the peril thus gathering in their rear.

Melas heard the tidings, and alarmed, began to concentrate his forces. Napoleon gave him not a moment of leisure. To Lannes and Murat he issued the order, "Gather immediately your divisions at Stradella. You will have on your hands fifteen or eighteen thousand Austrians. Meet them and cut them to pieces. It will be so many enemies less on the day of the decisive battle we are to expect with the entire army of Melas."

The prediction was true. Lannes and Murat encountered 18,000 of the foe at Montebello, strongly posted with batteries which swept the plain. The French soldiers, inspired by the almost miraculous power, with which Napoleon infused his own spirit into his troops, appeared to pay no regard to shot or shell. Though but eight thousand in number they rushed upon the entrenched foe. "At the first discharge of the hostile batteries," said Lannes, "I could hear the bones crash in my division like glass in a hail storm."

For nine hours the carnage continued. Just as the Austrians were routed, and were flying before their victors, Napoleon appeared upon the field. Lannes had been the hero of this bloody day. As he stood amidst mounds of the dead, blackened with smoke, and with his uniform soiled and tattered with the terrible strife, Napoleon grasped his hand with a smile of gratitude, and conferred upon him the title of the Duke of Montebello.

Four days after this Napoleon, with but twenty thousand men, encountered Melas with 40,000 troops upon the plain of Marengo. The Austrian force included 7,000 cavalry and 200 pieces of artillery. The French General Desaix, with 6,000 men, was nearly thirty miles from the field. Fortunately, when reclining in his tent, he heard the first crash of the battle, as it came booming over the fields like distant thunder. His troops were instantly on the march, and they pressed forward with all possible speed to the aid of their comrades.

All the day long Napoleon held his ground against a foe outnumbering him two to one. It was now 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The contending hosts were within pistol shot of each other, and in many cases blending in the fiercest fight. On parts of the field the French, exhausted and overpowered, were retiring in confusion, pursued and cut down by the cavalry of the foe. Napoleon, by his personal supremacy, still held a few squares together, slowly, reluctantly, but in good order retiring, while the victorious Austrians closely followed them, ploughing their ranks with two hundred pieces of artillery. Melas doubted not that he had gained the day, and dispatched couriers throughout Europe to announce his victory.

Just then the solid columns of Desaix appeared, impetuously entering the plain. Desaix cast an anxious glance over the confusion around him, and upon the broken, bleeding and retreating battalions of the French, and spurring his horse, gallopped to the point where Napoleon stood enveloped in the smoke and the dust of the conflict.

"I see," said Desaix, "that the battle is lost. I can do no more for you, I suppose, than to cover your retreat."

"By no means," Napoleon replied. "The battle I trust is gained. Charge with your column. The disordered troops will rally in your rear."

Desaix, at the head of his division, made an impetuous charge upon the front of the advancing foe. At the same time Kellerman received an order to charge the foe in flank with his cavalry. The change was like one of magic. In an instant the whole aspect of the field was transformed. Those on the retreat were promptly rallied by the voice of Napoleon as he rode along their broken ranks.

"My friends," said he, "we have retreated far enough. It is now our turn to advance. Recollect that I am in the habit of sleeping on the field of battle."

The French now raised shouts of victory which rose above the thunders of the cannonade. A panic, and a well founded one, now pervaded the ranks of the Austrians. In the wildest confusion they broke and fled. They were pursued, cut down, and trampled beneath the iron hoofs of Kellerman's dragoons. When the sun went down behind the distant Alps, after witnessing twelve hours of this frightful carnage, more than twenty thousand human beings were strown upon the plain, weltering in blood.

The rout of Melas was so entire that escape was hopeless, and he was at the mercy of his victor. Napoleon rode over the field, and gazed sadly upon the aspect of misery spread everywhere around him. As some ambulances passed him laden with the mutilated forms of the wounded, he stopped, and uncovered his head, saying:

"We cannot but regret not being wounded, like these unhappy men, that we might share their sufferings."

Under the influence of such feelings he took a pen, upon that gory field, and wrote as follows to the Emperor of Austria:

> Sire:—It is on the field of battle, amid the sufferings of a multitude of wounded, and surrounded by fifteen thousand corpses, that I beseech your majesty to listen to the voice of humanity, and not to suffer two brave nations to cut each other's throats for interests not their own. It is my part to press this upon your majesty, being upon the very theatre of war. Your majesty's heart can not feel it as keenly as does mine."

The letter was long and eloquent, but unavailing. England and Austria still continued the strife until the French armies, within sight of the steeples of Vienna, compelled a peace.

◆

ELECTION-DAY.

It is a very cold morning, and this warm room is doubly comfortable by contrast. It is very agreeable too to nurse one's limbs by the fire in this easy chair; but do you suppose were I a man, that the cushion would not be stuffed with pins and needles if I, a voter, sat there inactive, while Rinaldo Brass was being elected, and all because hundreds of just such lazy fellows as I would not put shoulder to shoulder to trip him up? Suppose he *is* "cunning" and "tricky." Is not right a match for wrong when it is as much in earnest? And for shame's sake must right need stipulate for an office, or some equivalent, before it buckles on its working harness? And *need* politics, forever and ever, taint with moral leprosy every man who touches them at the commencement, with clean hands? Again and again I ask these questions of every man of my acquaintance, and get sometimes a shrug of the shoulder, sometimes an uplifted eyebrow, sometimes a jest, sometimes a compliment, but *never* a satisfactory answer. Then, if in vexation, I exclaim I wish to goodness the women could have power to put this matter through; I am told first, that every woman would be sure to vote as her husband did. Now, if half the husbands don't vote at all, I don't exactly see the force of that reply. Then I am told secondly, that if women were allowed to vote, there would be twenty silly women to one intelligent one who would do it. When I answer, that the very fact of the restriction about their voting being taken off, would give them a motive and desire for becoming well informed in these matters, my male opponent, alarmed for his puddings, falls to weeping at thought how the gentle sex will be squeezed and jostled at the polls, and their ears offended by the frequent use of the letter D, &c. How wonderful he never thought of this when pulling some lady through a mob to see the Prince of Wales, or squeezing her into some crowded public assembly, where the levelling rule of first come, first served, had precedence of ears, feet, dresses and decency. The truth is, it is all an immense humbug, and they know it, and whenever I can catch a sensible man long enough to look me straight in the eye, and there is no other man near to witness his laying aside his pontifical shell to talk sense to a woman, he admits it!

Well, there's one thing certain. This war won't leave *women* where it found them, whatever may be said of *men*. The door of the Castle of Folly has been opened by it, and they are gradually coming out into a more bracing atmosphere; and one consequence will be, that the great alleged hindrance to female voting, viz., "a want of intelligence," (and, as I write, there goes a very well dressed man past my window, talking very familiarly with one of the "shoddy" stamp, whose vote he hopes to draw, not from his brain, but through his stomach,) pardon this digression—the great hindrance to female voting—the want of intelligence—will then be done away with. Meanwhile women who are taxed all the same as if they *were* "intelligent," may work worsted dogs and cats in crochet, awaiting that millennium.

Fanny Fern.

◆

COUNTRY PASTORS.

The contrast between the pay and emoluments of the great hierarchs of the Church of England, and the pittances awarded to many of its inferior clergy, has been a standing theme of denunciation with English political and social reformers for more than a century. That a lordly archbishop should receive some forty thousand pounds per annum, and a hard-working country minister only forty pounds, is an anomaly so monstrous that it may well be called a disgrace to Christendom.

But is not our own country amenable, in some degree, to the charge of undue religious favoritism in certain cases, and of shameful parsimony in its dealings with clergymen in others? Wealthy city congregations, besides bestowing on their spiritual teachers munificent annual stipends, sometimes send them to Europe for the benefit of their health, pay their debts, make them costly presents, and in fact heap upon them the means of living not merely in comfort, but in luxury. We do not quarrel with this generosity; but what shall be said of the close-fisted penuriousness that doles out to a zealous and eloquent country rector the miserable pittance of $200 a year? We have heard of a capable clergyman who is *compensated* for his labors with that sum per annum. Nay, there is even considerable difficulty in raising the amount of his salary, and his predecessor in the same parish was fobbed off with less! The minister to whom we refer has a wife and children. How do the people whom he is trying to lead to Heaven suppose that his family live. He is a fine scholar, an effective preacher, a Christian gentleman—he labors faithfully in his calling—his heart is in his work—and he receives a smaller recompense for his services than a *New York scavenger!*

◆

The man who "keeps his eyes and ears open" has promised faithfully that his "thoughts" shall "occur" *punctually*, for the benefit of the Ledger readers, every week hereafter. Therefore, should one of his entertaining articles occasionally be missed from our columns, the omission must be charged to his account—not to ours.

THOUGHTS AS THEY OCCUR.—No. 99.

BY ONE WHO KEEPS HIS EYES AND EARS OPEN.

How much we depend for our knowledge and convictions upon the *senses*, and how slow men are in accepting or using truth that has nothing *to show* to the eyes, is, perhaps, in nothing more clearly than in the matter of *Air!*

It is the food of the world. It has more, perhaps, than any other agent to do with life, health, and comfort, and yet is less than any other understood, its laws less studied or observed, even by educated persons, and persons, too, well informed in this particular thing. How abundantly has God supplied it, pouring it forth not like an invisible upper *ocean*, but immeasurably more abundant than all waters on the earth. Its supply is renewed beyond all limit, and its abundant blessings surpass all estimate.

And yet this grand aërial banquet, spread for every living thing, without money or preparation, is perverted to the purposes of disease and discomfort, with an ingenuity and perseverance which seem almost to defy remedy!

And all because men cannot *see* the air! Water, more palpable, subject to similar laws of motion, is far better managed, and simply because men learn to understand what they can *see*. If it is discolored, if it becomes turbid, or tastes bad, or smells ill, men reject it. The mere presence of the fluid before the eyes leads them to investigation. But air may be dirty, ill-flavored, ill-odored and poisonous—and yet, we accept it without a scruple; nay, seem almost to prefer it poisoned. Let any one, at midnight, step into a railroad car, in winter, from the fresh air, and he will turn sick with the loathesome effluvia. But if a window be opened, all the gasping wretches in the car will scowl, and grumble, and call on the conductor to abate the nuisance of fresh air! As well pull a bone from a dog as take away foul air! But, in sooth, we suppose the real reason is in sensations of *warmth*. Men will accept invisible poison if only the skin be kept comfortable.

In like manner, in church, concert or lecture-room, the air is, usually, first burnt up by a furious little red-hot furnace, that is spitefully busy down stairs in making uncomfortable everybody up stairs! Then, it is breathed, over and over again, until it no longer conveys to the system anything but trouble. The windows may not be opened. People dread catching cold. They are willing to die by foul air. But to run risk of fresh air—cold air—is asking too much. The window-panes are coated with moisture; it runs down like rain; the atmosphere reeks with it; strong effluvia would make itself known but for the deadening of the senses. The eye grows dull, the cheeks flush, women faint, people want to keep awake and cannot, the speaker labors and with redoubled exertion cannot produce a tithe of the effect. What is the cause? He is half stupefied himself, and is laying his case before an audience in the preliminary stages of asphyxiation. Yet the doors are kept shut; if the windows are let down, some lean and shivering tall man gets up, and with cane and umbrella pokes the sash up again, and men look gratefully at him as a benefactor!

Men go home; after toasting over a coal fire, a hard coal fire, perhaps in that infernal machine, a close stove, they repair to close bed-rooms that have been unaired, that night after night are left uncleansed from the poisonous breathings and effluvia of the body, and lie down in sheets that yet carry last night's residium from the pores of the skin, and sleep under such conditions seven or eight mortal hours. And now comes the most curious fact! When the skin is enfeebled by warmth, and the system deteriorated by poisonous ingredients in the atmosphere, and the vital organs weakened or clogged by taking in, or having to keep in, the feculent particles which the body seeks to reject—and, men fall sick—*what does it?* Ah, they took cold by EXPOSURE TO AIR!

◆

THEN AND NOW.

Eighty-four years ago Washington's overmatched, dispirited, haggard, ragged army went into winter quarters at Valley Forge. They suffered terribly there. The snow drifted into their log shanties, and fierce north-westers blew right through them, for they were almost as open at the sides as a Virginia fence. A large number of the troops were almost shoeless, and their feet were terribly frost-bitten. Washington wept over their privations while he shared them. Yet in the spring that half-clothed, half-starved army marched forth from their miserable camp with cheerful faces, and by the time the roses of June were full blown, had won the battle of Monmouth and sent Clinton and Knyphausen flying toward Sandy Hook.

How different will be the condition of the Grand Army of the Republic, this winter, to that of Washington's little host at Valley Forge, during the winter of 1777–8. Our legions will be substantially hutted, warmly clothed by day and well blanketed by night, amply fed with wholesome, palatable rations, provided with books and newspapers, and in all respects made as comfortable as the nature of the service in which they are engaged will permit.

◆

—As an act of justice to Colonel Harris, it gives us pleasure to publish the following letter from him. The article of which he complains we believed to be "founded on fact," else it would never, of course, have found a place in our columns. We are glad to learn, however, that the Colonel is not the author of the obnoxious sentiment, and highly appreciate the frankness and good-nature with which he meets the issue. Probably nobody but an editor, whose experience had taught him how innocently such mistakes are made by his professional brethren, could treat a matter of the kind with the genial courtesy displayed by the editor of "Field Notes."

Office of Field Notes and Ohio Cultivator,
Columbus, November 3d, 1861.

Robert Bonner—*Dear Sir:*—In your Ledger of November 23d is an item about "one Col. Harris," who is charged with having said something about "plebeian blood," in connection with lady equestrians. The article ascribed to me was copied by many American papers from an English Sporting journal, so that it was gratuitous to call the editor of *Field Notes* a "snob;" and this from the owner of the best road-team in America! of the best-horse champion in the West! O, Bonner! Now, if you do not make due amends, I shall forbid your admission into the Horse Heaven of the Hereafter, where I will confiscate the shades of Lady Palmer and Flatbush, and drive forever upon the celestial turf, without a rival! Even so. Beware!

Respectfully, S. D. Harris.

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Mrs. Southworth, Mr. Cobb, Miss Dupuy, Emerson Bennett, P. Hamilton Myers, Col. Dunlap, and all our other popular story writers are busily engaged in preparing tales for the New Year. They each stand high and have their admirers in their own peculiar line; and if our friends will excuse the triteness of the remark, we will say to our readers as the showman said to his auditors, "You pays your money and you can take your choice."

◆

John G. Saxe, who has long been the most popular of poetical humorists, and who grows more piquant and funny from year to year, will contribute all his sparkling and side-splitting poems to the Ledger, as usual, during 1862. He will write for no other paper.

MEMORIES.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Once more, once more, my Mary dear
I sit by that lone stream,
Where first within thy timid ear
I breathed love's burning dream;
The birds we loved still tell their tale
Of music on each spray,
And still the wild rose decks the vale—
But thou art far away.

In vain thy vanished form I seek,
By wood and stream and dell,
And tears of anguish bathe my cheek
Where tears of rapture fell;
And yet beneath these wild-wood bowers
Dear thoughts my soul employ,
For in the memories of past hours
There is a mournful joy.

Upon the air thy gentle words
Around me seem to thrill,
Like sounds upon the wind-harps chords
When all the winds are still.
Or like the low and soul-like swell
Of that wild spirit-tone
Which haunts the hollow of the bell
When its sad chime is done.

I seem to hear thee speak my name
In sweet low murmurs now,
I seem to feel thy breath of flame
Upon my cheek and brow;
On my cold lips I feel thy kiss,
Thy heart to mine is laid—
Alas that such a dream of bliss
Like other dreams must fade.

THE WHITE TERROR.

BY ELIZA A. DUPUY,

AUTHOR OF "THE LOST DEEDS," "THE MYSTERIOUS MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

M. Lecour's room was, as usual, gleaming with lights, and the old man himself stood near the fire in an attitude of perturbed thought which Adrienne had never remarked in him before. Motioning to her to take a seat near the hearth, he fixed his eyes upon her face, and intently perused every lineament. He seemed struck with the expression of suffering so new to it, but he made no comment upon it. Presently he abruptly said:

"Repeat to me exactly what occurred upstairs to-night. You may have dreamed, after all, for one often slumbers unconsciously in a room as quiet as that one was. I think you said that Louis had been sleeping an hour, and you were perfectly still."

"That is true, Monsieur, but I was certainly awake, and I could not be mistaken in the actual presence of the white phantom in the room. I saw distinctly the person you described to me this morning."

"And yet you could not see her last night? Strange and incomprehensible," he musingly said.

Adrienne did not reply to this, for the words of Eady seemed to ring as a warning in her ears, and she feared to acknowledge that she too had beheld the former vision. She suddenly asked:

"*Mon père*, are you *sure* that your wife is actually dead?"

He frowned, his eyes flashed beneath their heavy brows, and his mouth assumed an expression of intense bitterness, as he asked:

"What silly fancy has taken possession of your silly brain, Mademoiselle? Yes—she is surely dead—I saw her in her coffin—I touched her icy hands as they lay folded upon her breast; oh, yes, she is dead—dead—dead, though for some fatal reason she is permitted to return to this house to render my life a curse. I thought I was well rid of her when the death angel claimed her, for we were not happy together, but I was mistaken, and you too must bear the same crushing burden, because you are of my blood."

Adrienne shuddered, and looked up at him so imploringly that even he was moved a little, and it was several moments before he again spoke. His voice was less hard than usual, as he went on:

"I wished to speak with you, to say that if this apparition comes again into your presence, give the alarm to me at once. I will overcome the thrilling horror with which it has hitherto inspired me, and come to your side. I will face the phantom when it next visits you, and demand the reason of its appearance. Perhaps I may be able to exorcise it if I speak to it in the name of the great Jehovah."

"How shall you be able to do so, if you have no faith in the existence of that mighty One?" asked Adrienne with surprise.

"Tush! child; a belief in theological dogmas is very different from that innate conviction in every reasoning being that there is a great first cause, and that this quickening spirit is not an evil one is proved by everything that surrounds us. I have studied books on demonology, and I have gained from them the belief that certain mystic words and ceremonies will banish a haunting spirit. Nay—I have meddled with magic, and tried the sorcerer's art."

"And with what results?" asked Adrienne as he abruptly paused.

M. Lecour did not reply for several moments, and when he did it was in a tone of bitter and dreary sarcasm.

"I only proved the immutable truth of the wise man's words—'All is vanity and vexation of spirit.' Aye—all—*all*. Go to bed, Adrienne, and dismiss the singular event of this evening from your mind. Of one thing you may feel assured: Madame Lecour's ghost will do you no harm, for she was neither a malicious nor a vindictive woman during her life, and I scarcely think the change she has passed through, can have endowed her with those qualities beyond the grave. It is myself she persecutes, and not you. Sleep, child, in peace, and get rid of that wild look of affright."

Adrienne tried to smile in return, but it was a ghastly attempt, and gathering her shawl around her she returned with reluctant feet toward her own apartment.

On entering she found that the fire had been replenished, her chair drawn in front of it, and a small stand placed beside it on which lay a package addressed to herself. With irrepressible amazement, Adrienne lifted the letter, and saw the writing of Victor Du Vernay. She quickly broke the seal, and read:

PARIS, December 5th, 1802.

My adored Adrienne, with what transports I relate to you the singular revolution in my destiny which has occurred since we last parted. My grief at your unlooked for evasion was overpowering, and I believe my father began to fear that his opposition to our union had been carried too far. But fortunately a new and most important phase in our future was suddenly developed.

Scarcely had the lessening sails which bore you away faded on the horizon, when a letter of most extraordinary tenor came from Louisiana to my father. The writer stated herself to have been a most intimate friend of a certain Madame Lecour, who was probably a relative of your grandfather. This lady was in France receiving her education at the time of my birth. She received many civilities from my family, and established herself on such a footing of friendship with them, that at my baptism she officiated as my godmother. Mademoiselle Montreuil returned to Louisiana, where she possessed large estates, and after many vicissitudes, she died, a victim, it was supposed, to the cruelty of her last husband.

Before her decease, she executed an instrument by which she bequeathed her property to me in trust for one who was infinitely dear to her; but she did not reveal in what relation that beloved one stood to her. It was important that the very existence of her true heir should not be revealed to her surviving husband, as she believed M. Lecour would be unscrupulous in his efforts to remove that person from his path; by a spurious settlement, he had obtained entire possession of her estate, and there was every reason to believe that he would leave no means untried to retain it.

The time has now arrived when it becomes necessary to secure the rights of the lawful heir, or risk a lawsuit which might last a lifetime. The habits of M. Lecour, and his age, preclude the idea that he can live many years longer, and unless means are found to dispossess him before his decease, he may dispose of the property in such a manner, as would lead to the most vexatious delays before it could be legally claimed by its rightful owner.

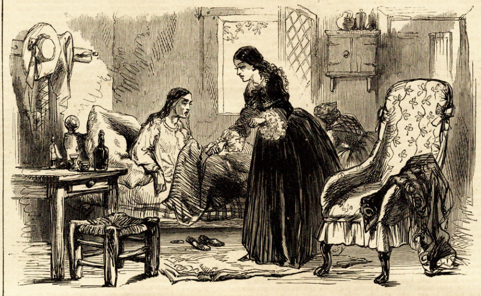
The writer of this letter stated that the will of M. Montreuil, the father of Madame Lecour, was in her own possession, together with ample means to prove its authenticity; and its tenor is such that the estate can never be alienated from his descendants; that the position, name, and residence of the heir are known to her, and would be revealed to me at the proper time. The inheritance she stated to be worth two millions of francs at least, and for the service of claiming and restoring it to its rightful possessor, I was to receive a fourth of its value.

Think of that my Adrienne! five hundred thousand francs! It is a magnificent fortune to us. We can be united as soon as it is secured, and be transcendently happy in its enjoyment.

At first, my father was doubtful about sending me so far away, on so slender a chance of success, but my strong desire to pursue the path so singularly opened to me finally prevailed over his scruples. I must say though, that while he remained undecided, a second letter came to him from the same hand, which seemed to fill him with surprise; but of its contents he revealed nothing to me. He merely said that its tenor had changed his views on the subject of the Louisiana estate, and the best thing I could do was to look after the bequest, as he now believed the property might be recovered, and my own portion secured.

I gladly received this decision, and spoke of you as the reward of my efforts to acquire fortune. He smiled blandly and said:

"You know, my son, that I have done nothing to thwart your wishes with reference to Mademoiselle Durand, which prudence did not actually compel me to. I simply placed before you the impossibility of marriage without the means of supporting a family; but fortune seems now propitious, and when your legacy is secured, you have my permission to marry this young girl, and I trust you will be happy together."



THE CONFESSION.

Thus you see, my best loved Adrienne, that the only bar to our union is about to be removed. I shall follow this in a few days, and after obtaining an interview with our correspondent, and taking such steps as will lead to the settlement of this singular testament, I will seek my adored one, and in the sunshine of her smiles find such happiness as is only granted to those who love as purely and tenderly as we do.

I am somewhat bewildered by the suddenness and the mysterious nature of the communication sent us, but my father, whose judgment is unquestionably sonnd, seems convinced that all will end well for us, and I am more than willing to trust to him in this crisis of my fate. I have minute directions to call at a certain number on my arrival in New Orleans, and ask for a Madame Noiron who lodges there. She will furnish me with the means of prosecuting such inquiries as are necessary to the perfect comprehension of the service required of me. Be sure I shall lose no time in so doing, and thus place myself *au fait* to all that my new position may demand.

Matters once placed in train for a successful termination of the business, and I shall fly to the spot made charming by the presence of my best beloved Adrienne. Write to me to New Orleans, my own one, that I may know how to find you without any unnecessary delay.

Yours till death, VICTOR DU VERNAY.

Adrienne read this exulting letter again and again, and bitter were the tears it wrung from her eyes—intense the anguish it inflicted on her heart. Poor child! she was called on to strike the death blow to her own prospects, and shrink as she might, she must destroy the vision of happiness which had dawned so brilliantly upon the hopes of her young lover.

Her grandfather could alone be the person Du Vernay was commissioned to despoil, and in addition to all her other causes of disquiet, her lover was coming to place himself in direct collision with the arbitrary old man, who, she felt, had placed his iron hand upon her fate. Escape from his thraldom she now comprehended to be impossible, for she held a secret M. Lecour considered of vital importance to himself, and she knew that she would never be permitted to give herself to one who came armed with power to strip him of the wealth which he had practised a fraud to gain. Then the burning blush of shame mounted to her brow, and she felt, with inexpressible anguish, that she was the descendant of this man; that his blood flowed in her veins, and Victor, the child of an honorable and true man, would probably shrink from uniting his fate with that of one tainted by such crimes as her grandfather had committed.

At all events, she must warn Du Vernay of her near relationship to the old man he was about to despoil, and entreat him to exercise caution and forbearance toward him for her sake. She refolded his letter, and as she replaced it upon the table, a note which had escaped her notice fell beneath her eye. It contained a few lines from M. Mendon, which explained the appearance of the package:

MADEMOISELLE DURAND:—I found at the post office today the accompanying letter addressed to you, and I have taken the liberty of taking it out, and forwarding it to you through the hands of Pierre. I hope this speedy proof that your friends over the water have not forgotten you, will brighten your life in the dreary old pile to whose hospitality I so reluctantly consigned you. Remember, Mademoiselle, that you have only to hold out your hand, and it will be cordially grasped, and held forever as a precious treasure by your faithful ADOLPHE MENDON.

With a shudder, Adrienne dropped these lines into the fire, and as the paper blazed up, she chided herself for the feeling of repulsion which dictated the act. M. Mendon had been most attentive to her, and why should his thoughtful kindness in forwarding to her a letter which might otherwise have lain in the obscure little post office unclaimed for many days, be received with such a thrilling sense of aversion? She could not explain it; yet some intuition warned her that he was one of whom she had better beware.

Exerting strong self-command, Adrienne compelled herself to look around the room, and seeing nothing, she arose and examined the fastenings of the doors, to assure herself that no one could pass through them without her permission. She then prepared to reply to her lover. With an aching heart, and unsteady hand, she wrote:

DEAR VICTOR:—Your letter and its contents should have filled me with delight, for you are coming to me, you have the prospect of wealth before you; but, alas! my evil fate renders this revelation a bitterness, instead of a triumph and a joy to me. Alas! alas! I am placed in a wretched position between you and a miserable old man, whose life I vainly hoped to render happier by sharing it. My poor Victor, how will you feel when I announce to you that the M. Lecour you are about to despoil of his ill-gotten wealth, is my own grandfather? I know this to be true, for the name of the lady he married leaves me no room for doubt.

Dear Victor, see what a position I occupy. I sought this old man; I thrust myself upon his hospitality, and demanded of him shelter and protection, as the child of his only daughter; he did not refuse it to me, and I am bound to abide by him in such misfortune as threatens him now.

When I came hither, I fondly believed that I might render myself useful to him, might soften that rugged nature which had refused forgiveness to his dying child; but now I have no such hope. Yet that conviction does not release me from the duty I feel I have incurred toward this desolated old man. In my favor, he relaxed his usual severity, and I feel that I have bound my fortune to his by accepting the shelter of his roof.

My heart bleeds as I write the sentence, but I know that the decree which separates our lives has gone forth. Follow the clue which leads you to fortune, and does justice to the heir of a most unfortunate lady; for Madame Lecour was certainly such; but in so doing, an impassable barrier must arise between us. I must be true to the duty I have voluntarily assumed, and you must also fulfil the one assigned you. Can you not see yourself that from this point our paths diverge, never more to meet?

Alas! that it should be so, but inexorable truth places the wretched fact before me, and I must prepare myself for the bitter ordeal through which we are called to pass.

A fatal curse is upon this sinful old man, and I, as his descendant, must share it. Only to-day I have had a terrible and startling proof of it. He has been a man of violence and blood, and the visible wrath of heaven is upon him. I dare not forsake him, for I feel that I belong to him, and him alone; therefore, I entreat you, seek me no more. I free you from your vows; I give you back your troth.

Since you must ruin and disgrace this hoary-headed man, perform the duty as quietly as possible, that the finger of scorn may not be lifted against the grandchild who was once your promised wife.

Adieu, Victor: I have tried to write without passion, though I feel in the depths of my soul that I am the victim of the crimes of another; and that other is so nearly bound to me by ties of blood that I dare not repudiate the stain his evil deeds have fixed upon me. I refuse to share the fortune of which he will be stripped, for its loss will break his heart. It is just to reclaim what he should never have appropriated, and I attach no thought of blame to you. Perform your duty, but amid justice remember mercy, for the sake of her who once called herself *your* ADRIENNE.

Many times were the blinding tears dashed away while she penned these lines, and at length, exhausted by the various emotions of the day, Adrienne crept into bed, and fell almost immediately into a heavy sleep.

CHAPTER XV.

After the conference with her step-son recorded in a previous chapter, Madame Crozat re-entered her house, and proceeded toward her own apartment. This room was furnished with what was barely necessary for every-day use; there was a tall, wiry bedstead, which looked as if the posts had been trying to twist themselves into the singular shapes they had finally assumed. On this was a hard mattress covered with dark chintz, which matched the curtains that hung in scanty folds before the windows. The floor was waxed and polished by frequent rubbing, to such a degree as to render it almost as slippery as ice to unpracticed feet. A square table was placed in front of the hearth, and an armoire, with spiral ornaments to match the bedstead, stood in a recess beside the fireplace; in the opposite recess was a door leading to a bath-room. The chairs were hard, stiff and angular, and a visitor could see at a glance that the habits of the mistress were far from self-indulgent.

Around the table sat four young negro girls, under the direction of a woman of their own race, and the five were occupied in picking the seed from a quantity of cotton that lay heaped up before them. The gin had already been invented, but Madame Crozat had not yet become the proprietor of one, and the small patch of cotton she had cultivated that year was merely an experiment to ascertain if it promised to be more profitable than the indigo which had hitherto been the chief product of the colony. The staple was fine and long, and she had it cleaned under her own supervision, that she might send it to New Orleans, to be judged by those interested in the introduction of this new article of commerce. Little did she think that in less than a hundred years from this small commencement, such vast results would spring.

Madame Crozat paused beside the woman, and watched her nimble fingers approvingly as they disengaged the black, unctuous-looking seed from the snowy wool, and she fillipped one of the young girls, who was half asleep, on the side of the head, as she said:

"Dullard, see how rapidly Desirée works, while you sleep away half your time. Her cotton shall go to New Orleans to be inspected by the factor, and yours shall be used at home to weave clothing and knit stockings."

"Hi! I reckon dat's what gwine to be done wi' all on it any how," responded the girl, with a broad grin, "an' 'taint much differ ef it's spun up here, or in de big town down de riber."

"Only that the one who performs her task best, will get a red calico dress at Christmas."

At this announcement the young girls giggled, straightened themselves up, and one of them replied:

"I reckon we don' stan' no chance wid Desirée, any how."

The door leading into the hall suddenly unclosed, and a lady of twenty-five or more, wearing an expression of angry excitement upon her features, entered the room. The contrast between her appearance and that of Madame Crozat was striking. Robes of the richest texture and most brilliant colors adorned her *petite* person. Her dark, abundant hair was knotted low at the back of the neck, and a few curls fell from the coil. A scarlet bandeau encircled the head, ending with tassels that hung over the left ear. Her complexion was dark as that of a gipsy, and the flash of her black eyes, the haughty curve of her red lips, showed that an imperious nature dwelt within that small frame. She was evidently in a state of intense excitement, and she rapidly said:

"*Madame mère*, I wish to speak with you immediately."

"Speak on, then, Pauline," was the tranquil reply. "I am quite ready to listen to you."

"Not here, Madame—not here. What I have to say must be said without witnesses. Come to my room, if you please."

Madame Crozat shrugged her shoulders, and said:

"I will follow you immediately," but her inward thought was:

"What new cause of excitement has Pauline found now, I wonder. If I permitted myself to be moved by her caprices, I should never have a moment's peace. Poor child! how she contrives to keep up her feverish excitement in the uneventful routine of a country life, I cannot imagine."

After giving a few directions to one of her sable satellites, Madame Crozat slowly crossed a wide hall, and after lightly tapping upon the door, entered the apartment of her step-daughter.

Here was found every appliance which a luxurious taste could command in those times. Parisian furniture glittered in its finest polish, the windows were draped with hangings of damask, and lounging chairs of various shapes invited to repose, while their owner stood in the centre of the floor, the living incarnation of restlessness.

An expression of scornful bitterness wreathed her lip as she said:

"Come in, Madame; I only wish to ask you a question that is important to me."

"Very well, my daughter, what is it? I am ready to reply to as many questions as you may choose to ask."

"Madame, your coldness freezes me, but I see it is assumed for a purpose. You call yourself my mother, and to your care my father bequeathed me, yet you are plotting against me—circumventing me in the dearest wishes of my heart."

"I am at a loss to understand you, Mademoiselle."

"Indeed! really, you are hard of comprehension, Madame. Who is this strange girl who has come to old Lecour's? and why should you plot with Adolphe to win a nameless stranger for his bride?"

"So—well, you are not above listening, I perceive. You could have known nothing of my conversation with Adolphe, unless you had condescended to do so."

"When treachery is meditated against me, I do not hesitate to meet it in the same spirit. Yes, I overheard what you said, at first, unintentionally, afterwards, with the determination to learn all I could, and baffle your plans if possible. Who is the girl who came up the river with you? and why should Adolphe listen for a moment to the proposal to make her his wife? His *wife!* ha, ha! Madame, I thought that honorable position was reserved for me—*me*, the daughter of your house, as he is the son."

"You both stand in the same relation to me, Pauline; you are my adopted children, and as such, I have too much regard for your mutual happiness to be willing that you shall be more to each other than you now are. You and Adolphe are not suited to each other; he needs a wife who will soothe his irritability of temper, not increase it as you inevitably would. You should marry a man gifted with the patience of Job, the philosophy of Socrates, and the impassibility of a Stoic. I bear with you, absurd and disrespectful as your conduct to me often is, because I have steeled myself against anything you may have to say. I have a duty to perform toward you, and I shall endeavor to fulfil it to the best of my ability in spite of your ungrateful conduct. Why you should consider Adolphe as pledged to you, I am at a loss to understand."

"Is he not the only eligible match in the circle of my acquaintance? and am I not verging on my twenty-seventh year?" almost shrieked the excited Pauline. "Is it not enough that you have done nothing yourself toward obtaining a suitable settlement for me long ago, but you must interfere where I have set my heart on succeeding?"

"Your *heart*, Mademoiselle, pray leave that out of the question, for it seems to me that the idea of a serious attempt on your part to win M. Mendon is quite new to me. I smile at your reproach against myself; I have been twice married, and I did not require others to do anything toward helping me to gain either of my husbands. If Adolphe had been duly impressed by your charms, he would not have been so easily attracted by this young stranger."

The black eyes flashed more disdainfully than ever, and Pauline said:

"*Madame mère*, you sneer habitually at me and my eccentricities, and I have borne with it heretofore, because I thought you really had some regard for me. I know you have read my intentions with reference to M. Mendon, and until your late visit to New Orleans, I had every reason to believe that you would not attempt to thwart me in their accomplishment. Now your policy is changed; I demand the reason as my right, and I insist on a candid reply. You know that a tacit understanding has existed for some time, that when my law-suit is settled, I shall bestow myself and the fortune I expect to win upon Adolphe."

Madame Crozat made a slight movement of impatience, but she replied, with calmness:

"But, Pauline, the last accounts from your lawyer are most discouraging. There is little hope that you will win your cause, and without means on either side, it is simply impossible that Adolphe shall take so expensive a luxury as you would be, in the shape of a wife."

The listener clenched her small hands, beat her feet impatiently upon the floor, and asked in a tone half stifled with rage:

"And what fortune has this stranger? Who is she? What is she, that she should be thought fit to supplant me?"

"She is the grandchild of M. Lecour, and his presumptive heiress."

"Ah, bah! stuff! nonsense! That old heathen had no children that I ever heard of."

"Not by his last wife, but he was married in France many years before he emigrated to Louisiana; he had an only daughter, and this girl is her child."

"Ah! and what guarantee have you, or M. Mendon, that she will inherit a penny of his fortune? M. Lecour is believed to be insane—who then can answer for what he may do with the wealth he has possessed himself of? He may bequeath it to some stranger."

"Perhaps we have a remedy for that," replied Madame Crozat, with a mysterious smile. "I think it is certain that Adrienne Durand will ultimately possess his estate, in spite of all M. Lecour may do to disinherit her."

"Then she must have some claim superior to that of relationship to him. You deal in mysteries, Madame; pray unravel this tangled skein, if you please: for I am impatient to understand the true position of this young stranger."

"Excuse me, Pauline; I will leave that for your own ingenuity to accomplish. I have listened patiently to your complaint, and I hope you will have self-respect enough to conceal from Adolphe that you had designs upon his hand which he has not sanctioned by any avowal of love on his part."

"*Madame mère*, you know that M. Mendon has devoted himself to me since the death of his wife. He has not spoken of love, because etiquette forbade his doing so till after a certain time had elapsed. If *you* had permitted affairs to take their natural course, I should have been settled in life before the year is out. I warn you, that I will yet circumvent your plans. I will spare no efforts to unravel the mystery at which you have hinted, and I will use the knowledge I may obtain for my own purposes."

"'Forewarned is forearmed,' you know, Mademoiselle," coldly replied Madame Crozat, as she arose from her seat and prepared to leave the apartment. "I trust that you will do nothing to compromise the delicacy of your sex with my son. He has a regard for you as a *sister*, but it will be something quite new to him to suspect that you wish him to stand in a dearer relation to yourself."

Mademoiselle Crozat grew pale with anger as she replied:

"The relation would cost him *dear*, as you have already intimated; but that I hold him dear is a misapprehension on your part. I only condescended to think of him at all, because there is no one else to attract. No heart will be broken—no hopes crushed by his devotion to another."

"So I thought from the beginning," was the dry response. "You might have spared me this scene, Mademoiselle, for it has led to nothing."

"Wait till the end," said Pauline, with a frown, as her step-mother left the room. "Yes, wait till the end, Madame, and then see if it is safe to trifle with me. Léonie was my nurse; I can wind her around my finger; and I will see if I, too, cannot fathom this mystery, which seems so important to you and your darling Adolphe. I will see Léonie at once, and judge for myself of her actual condition."

Pauline threw a shawl over her head, and, without pausing, went directly to the cottage inhabited by the quadroon. It was not situated in the quarter appropriated to the negroes that worked the place; a small cabin had been built for her in the lower part of the large garden; and the visitor walked toward a clump of orange trees that grew around it. The humble roof was nearly covered with creeping vines, which formed a tangled network over its surface, and hung in long wreaths from the rustic portico in front of the house—for Léonie had endeavored to impart to the home afforded her an appearance of refinement, acquired by her long sojourn in France. The door stood open, for the evening was bright and warm, and the soft air was pleasant to the sick woman within. The young lady entered and approached the bed, on which lay a tall woman, whose complexion was scarcely darker than her own, in spite of the dash of colored blood in her veins. Like those of nearly all her caste, her form was remarkable for symmetry, and her wasted features had once possessed uncommon beauty. Léonie was now past the meridian of life, but the fire of her large black eyes was still unquenched, and the hair that fell in disordered, waving masses upon her pillow was scarcely threaded with gray.

She was lying quite still, with her eyes wide open, and her lips slightly apart, as if every breath of fresh air was eagerly inhaled to allay the feveresh unrest that parched her system and drained her life. Pauline looked down upon her, and seeing that she made no motion, she spoke softly, using the term of endearment to which her childish lips had been accustomed.

"Maumer, how is it with you? I trust you are not so very ill."

The woman started, threw out her hand, and muttered:

"Ill? ill? who says I am ill? I shall be up to-morrow. You won't have me sent away, my darling? I can't die away from you; you're all I have now, and I love you, my pet."

"Who spoke of sending you away, poor Léonie? No one would be so cruel. I have come to sit with you awhile. Let me give you some drink."

She held a cup to the parched lips, and the woman eagerly swallowed the orange leaf tea with which it was filled. She sunk back, and said:

"It was only a wretched dream, then. I thought Mademoiselle Louise came in here, and told me that I should be cast into the road for my treachery to her. Oh! it was long, long ago, but its memory is with me now; and it withers—it scorches my heart. It was base—base——"

Léonie continued to mutter, but the listener could make nothing from her disjointed rambling. She questioned her in every way to bring her back to the point from which she had started, but in vain. Her mind had utterly wandered from it, and Pauline listened half impatiently to her incoherent ravings, till the physician who had been summoned arrived.

Dr. Brunel examined the condition of his patient, shook his head, and looked ominous. Madame Crozat had followed him into the cabin, and she inquired, with much solicitude:

"Is there any real danger to be apprehended, doctor?"

"She is in a very critical state, Madame; and I consider her recovery extremely doubtful."

She then inquired:

"Will Léonie regain entire possession of her senses before she dies?"

"In ordinary fevers that is usually the course, but in this case the symptoms are extremely unfavorable. She may die in a state of congestion, and be unable to speak at all. Is her life particularly valuable, Madame?"

"To me it is," replied Pauline, before her mother could speak. "Léonie was my attendant from my seventh year, and she has been almost a mother to me. Save her if you can, Dr. Brunel, and I will thank you with my whole heart."

"I will do my best, Mademoiselle; but the chances are bad. The fever should have been taken at the start—now it is almost unmanageable."

"Had I been at home you would have been summoned at once," said Madame Crozat, emphatically.

Pauline flushed at the implied reproach, and said:

"Léonie did not complain or lie down till yesterday. I had no idea that she was seriously ill. At all events, I will not fail in my duty to her now. If *Madame mère* will permit me, I will remain near her, and assist in nursing her myself."

Madame Crozat regarded her with an expression of surprise, for she had thought Pauline too self-indulgent to undertake such a duty, even for the nurse who had been faithful to her through long years of service. She said:

"That would be something entirely new for you to undertake, my daughter. Desirée is an experienced nurse, and I will send her to wait upon Léonie."

"Excuse me, Madame, but I prefer remaining myself," replied Pauline with resolute emphasis. "Léonie has nursed me through many hours of illness, and it is surely my place to attend to her in this extremity."

Madame Crozat steadily regarded her stepdaughter as if endeavoring to fathom her motives; but in her heart she believed her too shallow to have any. She had forgotten that portion of her conversation with M. Mendon which referred to this woman and her former connexion with the Montreuil family; and she began to believe that some natural feeling of gratitude moved the heart of Pauline to perform for a faithful servant the last kindness she would probably need on earth. After a moment's hesitation, she said:

"You can do as you wish, I shall not thwart you in so useful a duty. Remain with Léonie if it is your desire to do so, but I shall also send Desirée to assist in nursing her."

Pauline assented to this arrangement, and the negress soon came to apply the remedies ordered by the physician.

The most active treatment was resorted to, but without avail—the woman hourly sunk, and on the evening of the fourth day from her seizure, she was evidently dying. The two who nursed her had kept a constant watch upon her; one to discover her secret for her own behoof, the other to obey the stringent commands of her mistress not to lose a syllable that fell from the lips of the distraught creature.

On the evening of the fourth day, Desirée was nearly worn out with watching, and the labor that had been chiefly borne by her, while her young lady had rested many hours in the large cushioned chair she had caused to be brought from her own room to the cabin.

The curiosity of Pauline was sharpened by what had fallen from the sick woman's lips in her delirious ravings. Léonie dwelt only upon the incidents of her early life, and the revelations she made, were of a character to arouse a strong desire to fathom the wicked past which now clouded her last moments with fear and anguish.

The heavy breathing of the sick woman filled the room as she lay in a perturbed slumber. The head of the wearied black fell upon the foot of the bed, and in a few moments she slept so deeply that it would have taken force to awake her.

At that crisis, Pauline aroused herself, left the chair in which she had been coiled up, and looked upon the being whose soul was so rapidly flitting to another world. She had lost all hope that Léonie would recover consciousness, and the thought crossed her mind that it was time to summon the priest to perform the last rites of the church for her.

As she turned with the purpose of doing so, the large eyes of the dying woman suddenly unclosed, and looked around with intelligence in their glance. She feebly said:

"My darling, is it indeed you? I have been very ill, I believe, for I feel weak and sinking—sinking. Have you stayed by me all the time?"

"Yes, dear Maumer, who should nurse you, but your own Pauline? You are better—I am so glad that you know me again."

The woman looked wistfully at her, and slowly said:

"I am dying, I fear, for I feel as if the earth is crumbling away beneath me."

"That is because you are so weak. Here is wine the doctor ordered for you, if you awoke in your senses."

"Give it to me; I want strength to talk. I have much to tell the priest; let him come to me."

"Father Eustace left home this morning, and has gone no one knows whither. He will probably not be back before night. Make me your confessor, Léonie, for it will ease your mind to tell some of the wrong that weighs upon it. Besides, it may be useful to me; your ravings have already partially revealed to me events, which if fully in my possession, would be of material use to me. Can you not speak the whole to me exactly as you would to the priest if he were here?"

Léonie regarded her with a startled expression She was still under the influence of fever, and she said with a ghastly smile:

"And you really seek to become my confessor? Will you give me absolution for my crime? Can you ask pardon for me in that world to which I am hastening? Oh! my pretty one, it will be a sad tale for you to hear from the lips of your old Maumer."

"Never mind that; tell it to me, for it may be important to my future welfare to know it. I wish you to understand me, Léonie; you can serve me by relating to me the story of Louise Montreuil. I *must* hear it, for the happiness of my whole life is vitally concerned in knowing the events of her early career."

Léonie opened her wild eyes, and stared vaguely at her. Her mind was affected by the opiates which had been administered to her, and she obeyed the voice that commanded her to speak, with the flickering idea that she was confessing to the priest. Her eyes half closed, as if weary of light, and she rambled on:

"You wish me to speak of my first mistress. The beautiful Louise, the fascinating Louise, the rich Louise. Ha! ha! she was all these, but she was not the happy Louise—no—no—no."

There was another interval of wandering, and then she went on.

"I grew up with her. I was her little maid when she was six years old, and I was ten, for I was the eldest. She taught me to read as she learned herself; she loved me, and she believed that I loved her too; but I did not—no, I did not."

She paused, and seemed about to slumber again, but Pauline aroused her by asking:

"Why did you not love her, Maumer? She was kind to you, and I cannot think you would be otherwise than faithful to her. See what you have been to me."

"You—*you!* Oh, you were a little child, thrown on me for care; but she was young, beautiful, and beloved, in those days of vanity when I yearned for all that she was endowed with, and envied her its possession. Oh, yes! I was bitterly envious of this gentle mistress of mine, and I am afraid I too eagerly embraced the chance to ruin her happiness."

"You accompanied Mademoiselle Montreuil to Paris, I believe; tell me about that," said Pauline, to induce her to continue her narrative.

"Yes; I went with her to her convent where her education was finished. They let me in as an humble boarder, that I might be near my young mistress; and there I picked up education enough to make me fully aware of the wide gulf between Mademoiselle Louise and myself."

"In the same house there was a young lady, called Estelle Lecour, who was the intimate friend of my young mistress; and the Superior permitted herself to be persuaded to allow the young ladies to go on a visit to the family of Monsieur Du Vernay, a friend of M. Montreuil's."

"At his chateau they met with the twin brothers Durand, and the imprudent girls became desperately enamored of them. Mademoiselle Estelle knew that she was destined to take the veil, and my young mistress had been betrothed from her infancy to the son of one of her father's oldest friends, and to him she knew M. Montreuil was resolute to give her. Ah! she also knew that he was a violent man, a determined one, and he would shrink from nothing that promised him the fulfillment of a wish on which he had set his heart. It was that which led her into such a disobedient course. She thought if she was once married, her fate would be beyond his control. Poor thing! she little dreamed of what wrong he was capable."

Léonie paused as if exhausted, and Pauline offered her more wine, as she said:

"Go on, Maumer. It is as good as a romance. I am deeply interested. Did those girls marry their lovers?"

"Ah, yes. In an evil hour for both, they were clandestinely united to them. The two were married on the same night by the same priest, and after a brief taste of wedded happiness, they returned to their convent to await the result of the applications made to their parents for consent to the unions which had already taken place."

"And what was the result?"

"Estelle was permitted to go forth with her husband, with the curse of her father as her only dower, to live in poverty and repentance, though I believe she did not live long to bear it."

"And Louise? It is of her I most wish to hear."

"It is a sad story when you do hear it. As her father was in Louisiana, it was three months before he could be heard from; but such a letter as did come at last, might well make any poor girl tremble and grow heart-sick. He utterly refused his consent to the proposed union, and commanded the Superior to keep a constant watch upon his daughter, as he would hold her responsible for her safety. Ah! it was too late then! The tie had been woven, the vows had been spoken, that made her a wife, and her heart clung to the man to whom she had pledged her faith.

"M. Durand refused to submit to her father's decision; he had a small property of his own, and he declared that he would labor to increase it. She should never know want if she would trust herself to him. He demanded her as his wife, and unless she refused to go with him, there was no power to retain her vested in her protectors.

"I hope she consented, though I know of course she did."

"Yes, she elected to go with him, and they took possession of the humble cottage he had inherited, for although of noble blood, the family was an impoverished one, but my mistress was very happy, for M. Durand was a gentleman, and he was devotedly attached to his young wife. I did not envy her then, although she was wedded to the choice of her heart, for she had relinquished for him the very things that made her lot desirable in my estimation—the power of wealth and high position, and the admiration of society. These were what I yearned to possess, and I regarded her infatuation with contemptuous pity. She seemed to have no fears for the future, but I knew her happiness could not last—no, no, it could not last."

She paused as if recalling old memories, and Pauline impatiently asked:

"What happened then? Did the imperious father come and tear her from him by force?"

"Oh, no, he knew better than to attempt that, but he did far worse. M. Montreuil belonged to a family who possessed great power in France; he wrote to one of his kinsmen to obtain a sealed order for the arrest of M. Durand as a dangerous political person, and to have him thrown into prison without the knowledge of any one connected with him. They did such things in those days, and I afterwards learned that M. Durand was thrown into the Bastile, where he lay in one of the underground cells for eight long years. When that building was torn down, he was rescued from it, a broken, white-haired man."

"And where was his wife during all that time?"

"Let me tell you in my own way, for my head is a little confused. M. Durand was summoned to Paris, to attend to some business which was represented as important. His wife could not accompany him, because her infant was scarcely two weeks old. He placed her under my care, and left with the assurance of a speedy return. When he failed to come, and day after day passed without any news from him, the uneasiness of my mistress became terrible. She could not leave her sick room to go in search of him, and she confided this task to me as one who was interested in her happiness. I departed in good faith, for I had no idea of the treachery I was afterwards induced to practice toward her.

"When I reached Paris, I found my master there. He had followed his letter to see that his wishes were executed; from M. Montreuil I heard such bitter denunciations of his son-in-law, as made me tremble for my poor young mistress and her helpless little babe. When he heard of the infant, I thought he would have gone wild. He said:

"'The father is safe enough, and now I must deal with the brat. Louise shall never take such an evidence of her shame to my home, for it is my unfaltering resolve that she shall yet become the wife of Eugene Mendon. I have promised it, and I am not the man to break my word.'

"M. Montreuil then developed his plan of action to me, and demanded my co-operation. He offered me a bribe which I had not strength to refuse. Freedom, and a sufficient annuity to support me in comfort, were the terms, if I would aid him in imposing on his daughter the nefarious story he had prepared. He had caused her husband to be imprisoned, he believed for life; his object now was to traduce M. Durand to his wife, and lead her to believe that she had been deceived into uniting her fate with that of a man who already claimed another wife. A woman was hired to personate that wife, a forged contract was shown to my mistress, and I falsely swore that I had seen M. Durand meet this woman, and had heard him address her as his darling Marie. I asserted that I was afraid to inform my mistress at the time it occurred, lest I should incur the anger of her supposed husband. M. Durand had doubtless deserted her in her turn, and was now deceiving some other trusting heart as easily as he had deceived hers.

"Ah! when I witnessed her pale despair, my heart almost relented from its cruel pupose; but I dared not disobey my master; if I had only known where M. Durand was to be found, I might have betrayed the base plot to her. But what good could come of undeceiving her then, when I believed her husband had been made way with by her father in some underhand manner? My young mistress had nothing to live on, and her father was now her only hope, so I thought it best to hold my peace."

"And where was M. Durand's brother and his wife, that they did not come to her, and prove the falsehood of this calumny?"

"The poor young wife did come, bringing with her a feeble wailing baby a few weeks older than our little one; but her husband had been compelled to leave her shortly after their marriage, and go to South America. Her father would give them nothing, and M. Julien Durand went to Rio Janeiro to look after some property bequeathed to him by an uncle who had been a merchant there.

"M. Montreuil bade me prepare the mind of my mistress to relinquish her child. He vowed that it should never go with her to Louisiana, for he was determined that this wretched and disgraceful portion of her history should never be known in her native colony. If she refused to part from the infant, he declared that he would abandon her to absolute penury.

"During all this time, M. Montreuil had not visited his daughter. He left her to her misery and fancied degradation, till she was in a fit state to listen to his overtures; and then he came to her. He played the part of the forgiving and affectionate father, but he refused utterly to look upon the innocent face of his grandchild. No alternative was allowed her; the infant must be given up. His daughter must return with him to her paternal home, but she could not carry back with her the evidence that she was a mother, without having legally been a wife. It was an awful struggle, but the tyrannical father conquered, as he knew he must from the beginning."

"And what became of the child?"

"Madame Julien Durand took charge of it, with the promise of a suitable provision for it from M. Montreuil, for he was lavish enough of his money when things went to suit him."

"I know what happened afterwards. Louise came back to Louisiana, and gave her hand to M. Eugene Mendon; but how did her father dare to permit such a marriage, when he knew her first husband was living! How could she consent, after all that had happened to her?"

"If you had known her father, Mademoiselle, you would not ask such questions. He always carried his point, either by fair means, or by force. I did not return to this country with my mistress, for I wished to enjoy my new freedom, and the comfortable annuity my treachery had purchased; so I stayed in Paris, and led a very gay life with those who were as fond of pleasure as I was, and not above sharing my prosperity, although I belonged to a caste inferior to their own.

"I occasionally heard from my old home, and after my return to Louisiana, I heard the whole story of those days at Bellair. My young mistress was forced to dress, dance, entertain company, and finally she was induced to give her hand to the young planter to whom she had been promised from her cradle. Her first dream was past; and she expiated her disobedience to her father, by complying with his wishes so soon as her wounded heart could bear the acceptance of a second lover."

"And were they happy together?"

"I believe they were passably so. I am sure that my young lady did not deceive M. Mendon. I believe he married her with a full knowledge of her early misfortune, for she was too true and noble in her nature to have carried such a secret locked in her bosom, when she gave him her hand. When I returned to Louisiana with your father as your attendant, M. Montreuil and his chosen son-in-law were both dead, and the unhappy widow had been mad enough to marry that dreadful old man who now lives at Bellair. M. Lecour kept her shut up in her own house, and he positively refused me admittance when I sought an interview. But I baffled him at last; and I succeeded in seeing Madame Lecour once before before her death. God knows if that interview hastened it, but I have sometimes feared that it did, for I then told her of the treachery I had practised, and the great wrong her father had perpetrated against her. She listened to my terrible story with a degree of apathy I should once have deemed impossible with her. She told me that she had already found the record of these events among her father's private papers, but too late to save her from the fatal step she had taken in her last union. She had also found there the certificate of Henri Durand's death which had been forwarded to M. Montreuil only a few months before her union with her second husband.

"I was confounded at this assertion, for I knew that M. Durand was not then dead; but I did not tell her. It would have been a useless piece of cruelty, for this poor lady could then have done nothing to rescue her from the miserable position in which she was placed. In a week from that day, it was known through the country that Madame Lecour was dead, and had bequeathed the whole of her fine fortune to her husband."

"How did it happen that you came back with us? Why did you not stay in Paris, and enjoy life?"

"Things began to get too unsettled in France. The great Revolution was approaching, and I feared for my life. I witnessed the destruction of the Bastile, and while I stood among the crowd, a man who had just been rescued from its dungeons, staggered up and spoke to me. I thought him an utter stranger, for his hair was white as snow, and his body was wasted to a skeleton. He asked me for his wife, and child, and I knew him then from the sound of his voice. At first I was afraid to answer him; but the poor creature had been too long dead to all emotion, to betray much then and there. I took him to my lodgings, and after a scene that makes me shiver now when I recall it, I gradually made M. Durand understand what had happened.

"I concealed from him my own agency in the deception practised on his wife, but told him how she had been induced to believe he had abandoned her. I informed him of the second marriage of Mademoiselle Montreuil, and entreated him to leave her in peace. His appearance on the scene could now only embitter his life, and fill her heart with remorse toward him, and resentment toward her father.

"He listened to me, admitted the truth of my words, and then went his way. I never saw him again, and I think it probable his dead body was found in the Morgue before the week was over.

"The bankers with whom my money was placed failed, and I was glad to hire myself to nurse your mother in her last illness. We went to Madeira for the winter, and when she died there, she entreated me to remain with you. I came on to Louisiana, glad to get back once more to my old home, although I found everything changed there. My annuity died with my old master, and for years I have been only permitted to remain upon this place as a favor accorded me by your father's second wife. As the plantation was her property when she married him, I should feel grateful even for the permission to remain near you, the darling of my heart. See how I have talked on, solely to gratify your wish, although I know that with every moment my life is ebbing from me."

Pauline pressed her hand, as she said:

"You have done me a real service, Maumer, and I thank you for it. Your voice is stronger, your eyes brighter, since you commenced your narrative. Ah, I don't believe you will die yet awhile, for I cannot spare you."

"I have exhausted the little life left in me, in obeying your wish to hear this miserable story. It is finished, and with it my span of existence. Call Father Eustace, my child—quick—quickly let him come, for I am failing fast."

Her face became so ghastly as she spoke, that Pauline was alarmed, and roused Desirée with much effort, to go and ascertain if the priest had returned from a visit he had set out to make in the early part of the day. It was now twilight, and after a brief absence the negress returned, accompanied by Father Eustace.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

* * *

SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "THE STEPMOTHER," "MINNIGREY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER LV.

Her sweet humors,
That were as easy as a calm, and peaceful;
All her affections, like the dews on roses,
Fair as the flowers themselves, as sweet and gentle.
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

Several moments elapsed before either brother or sister could express their feelings in words, which, when they at last found utterance, trembled on their lips, broken by sobs and kisses. The tears of Clara fell like dew upon the sun-parched flowers on the heart of the poor wanderer. The bitter thought Zitta had vainly combated, that his sister had consented to their separation, consigned him to the hands of a coarse, brutal taskmaster, vanished from his mind forever. It would have been treason against nature to have doubted longer in presence of such silent but eloquent witnesses of her truth and affection.

"Telbin! dear, dear Telbin!" she murmured, gazing on his pale countenance with still tear-dimmed eyes. "Heaven has heard my prayers and restored you to me, to home, to plenty, to a kind father's love, to friends and happiness! Kiss me; let me feel your lips upon my cheek once more, that I may know this joy is not a dream. What have you not suffered? Bianca, Harold, Tom, teach me to moderate these transports."

"Father!" repeated the youth, believing for an instant his senses were wandering, or that he had not rightly caught the word. "Did I hear you rightly? Speak the word again. Father!"

"Who will be proud of you, dear boy," replied his sister. "How you have grown!" she added, gazing on him with looks of surprise and gratified affection.

"Grown!" repeated Tom Mayfield, half mad with delight at the discovery, which promised to remove the last barrier to his happiness; "why, he is a man. If he continued to grow at this rate, he would soon head both myself and Harold."

Telbin smiled, and shook him warmly by the hand.

"Home!" said Clara, impatiently; "home! I long to see him in the arms of his father, who little dreams of the happiness in store for him—to explain to him the changes that have taken place in our prospects. Home! home!" she repeated.

"Not without Zitta," answered her brother, seriously.

"And who is Zitta?"

The dwarf—it is almost time that we ceased to speak of him as such—pointed to the companion of his wanderings, who had seated herself upon a stone by the roadside, where she sat crying. It would have been difficult to analyze the thoughts that were passing in her mind; joy at Telbin's good fortune, regret at the prospect of parting from him, which she judged to be inevitable, and a sense of desolation, perhaps, at the prospect of once more finding herself alone in the world.

"She saved my life," added the youth, "at the risk of her own."

"Then she shall be to me as a sister," exclaimed Clara, warmly.

Our hero waited to hear no further; his own generous feelings prompted him how to act. Springing from the carriage, he hastened towards the weeping girl, caught her in his arms, and placed her, before she could overcome her confusion and surprise, by the side of Bianca.

Harold made way for Zitta and warmly greeted Clara's brother.

For the first time in his life Telbin gave him his hand with a frankness and cordiality that denoted his jealousy was at an end. Zitta had taught his young heart to forget the fair Italian.

"Home!" repeated Harold, as he mounted the box.

The villagers, who had crowded round, although they did not comprehend the scene, saw that something extraordinary had taken place, and raised a cheer as the carriage drove off with its excited, happy occupants, who in less than an hour arrived at Bampton Park.

"Father, dear father!" exclaimed Clara, impatiently, as she recognized her parent walking in the grounds at a distance.

Fortunately the colonel did not hear her.

Her lover felt alarmed at her agitation, and vainly tried to soothe her.

Harold directed the coachman to stop, and alighted from his elevated seat.

"Calm yourself, dearest girl, I implore you," he said, advancing to the side of the carriage. "This is no place for such a meeting. Proceed with your brother to the hall. I will overtake Colonel Mordaunt and explain everything to him. It will be best, believe me."

On hearing the word "father," Telbin became greatly excited; the color fled from his cheeks, and his features turned fearfully pale.

"Yes, yes, that will be best," murmured his sister. "He will love you—be proud of you," she added, reading what was passing in his mind. "His heart is generous, frank, affectionate as your own, dear boy."

The youth made no reply, but fixed his eyes upon Zitta, who vainly endeavored to smile through her tears.

On their first meeting, Telbin appeared far less agitated than his parent, who, warned by Harold of his peculiar sensitiveness upon the subject, made no allusion to the cause of it, but pressed him to his manly heart, and wept over him as Jacob wept over his long-lost son.

"Your mother's features," he murmured; "your mother's eyes," as he parted back the dark, clustering hair, and gazed upon the really handsome countenance of the youth. "My happiness appears too great to be real; both her children restored to me! Clara, let me enfold you both within my arms, that her blest spirit may rejoice at beholding those she loved on earth re-united after years of separation and trial. Speak to me," he continued; "let me hear your voice pronounce the name of father."

"Father!" exclaimed the youth, with a cry that seemed wrung from his very soul, "bless me, and teach me to be worthy of your affection. I wish to prove so, I do indeed. You will not love me less because nature has proved unkind to me?"

"Unkind!" repeated Colonel Mordaunt; "she has been most bountiful; the heart, the mind, these are the standards of the man—not strength of limb, or stature."

These words fell like drops of balm on the long-suffering pride of the poor boy, who related at broken intervals his adventures from the morning the rascally old money-lender beguiled him to the Mint, to the present happy hour, that re-united him with those he loved.

Clara and her father felt deeply interested as they listened to him. The tender-hearted girl almost shrieked with terror when she heard of his peril from the hungry leopardess; the next instant she was filled with admiration at the heroic conduct of Zitta.

"Her courage and devotion shall not pass unrewarded," observed the colonel.

"She shall be to me as a sister," added his daughter. "Henceforth I feel that I shall love her like one."

Telbin regarded her with intense gratitude.

"And how did you contrive to exist," demanded the former, "after escaping from that ruffian Wilton, whose villany must not pass unpunished?"

"By my flute and Zitta's voice," replied his son. "There is music in it even when she speaks," he added.

Colonel Mordaunt did not notice the tone of enthusiastic admiration in which the observation was made; but Clara did, and secretly smiled at the discovery she had made, for it was all but impossible for Telbin to conceal a feeling from her.

She thought of Harold and Bianca, and how happy it would make them.

Meanwhile, the warm-hearted Italian girl had taken Zitta to her own room, and provided her with one of her own dresses. When introduced to the father of Telbin and his friends, they were struck with her modest beauty. So great was the change in her appearance, the companion of her late wanderings scarcely recognized her. Her dark, luxuriant hair no longer floated in masses of vagrant curls over her neck and shoulders, but was neatly gathered up by a simple riband.

The colonel kissed her kindly, and bade her henceforth rely upon him as upon a second parent.

"I never knew my parents," replied Zitta, her eyes filling with tears. "My first recollections—that is to say, distinct ones—are of the van, the menagerie, and the fearful men with whom your son first saw me."

"He was not your father, then?"

"Heaven forbid!" ejaculated the poor girl, fervently. "I would rather know myself the child of the meanest beggar that tramps the lonely roads, and depends on the world's cold charity for bread, than the daughter of Wilton!"

Great was the delight of Harry at finding his friend Telbin on his return to the Hall. The ardent friendship cemented in the studio and sick chamber in Princess street had not been cooled by separation; and after the first congratulations had passed, he inquired of his grandfather, in a whisper, whether his friend might not remain with him.

"Invite whom you please," replied the old man, kindly. "You are master here—absolute master."

"Really?"

"Really and absolutely," repeated Mr. Imray.

"And may I send Gervis to London?"

"In an hour, if you wish it."

"And you will not question either of us, for a week ar least, after his return, respecting the object of his visit?"

"Certainly not," said his aged relative, with a smile.

"Then he shall start to-morrow!" exclaimed Harry, joyously. "Ah! my dear grandfather, you have not only found the way to make me love you, but to make me unreasonable, I fear."

It is not to be supposed that with men of the world like Colonel Mordaunt and Mr. Imray, Zitta succeeded at once in obtaining that perfect confidence without which esteem is impossible. Both were inclined to judge her favorably, but waited and watched before coming to a decided conclusion. Not so with the youthful inmates of the Hall. They judged from the heart, and the poor wanderer had already found a place there. Clara and Bianca were charmed with her. Each new day discovered fresh graces in her mind; its innate purity hourly revealed itself in the modest blush that crimsoned her cheek, as she frankly related the revolting persecution she had endured from the unprincipled man who alone possessed a clue to the secret of her birth and family—her eloquent gratitude for their sisterly kindness and confidence.

"I care not how humble my parents were," she frequently observed, "provided they were honest."

It was the aspiration of a truly virtuous heart, and her new-found friends loved her the better for its humility.

"But have you no recollection of them?" demanded Harold Mansell, on one occasion, when they were seated together in the drawing-room.

"My recollections extend to a very early age," he added.

Zitta appeared troubled.

"You have pained her," whispered Tom Mayfield.

"Not so," replied the gentle girl, who over heard the remark; "but, at times, something so like a half-remembered dream haunts my brain, that I dare not look upon it as real. A dark, gentle woman—and a gentleman, who used to hold me in his arms, appear in it. Another time I see him on horseback, and—no—no—it can be nothing but a dream!"

"Did Wilton never speak with you upon the subject?" inquired Telbin.

"Never," answered Zitta; "and if ever I alluded to it, his violence terrified me; but there was one person, an aged female, who died about two years since, who frequently did so. She was the original owner of the animals; but somehow Wilton had contrived to cheat her out of her property in them. When I first knew her, they were partners; gradually she sank into the position of a mere servant, a drudge—I might add, a slave, for he treated her most brutally.

"When she was dying," continued the narrator, after a pause, "she gave me a little chain of gold, with a kind of locket attached to it, and would have said something respecting it, but at that very moment her taskmaster and Peter, his confidant, came into the van, and she expired without uttering a word."

"Perhaps it had some connection with your family," observed Clara, who began to feel deeply interested in her narration.

"I think not. The poor, ill-used creature never hinted that she possessed any such clue."

"Have you preserved it still?"

Zitta explained to them how, on flying with Telbin, she had placed it, as a parting token of her gratitude, on the pillow of the sleeping negress, who had so frequently defended her from the unmanly violence of Wilton.

All who heard her felt that they would have given much had she not parted with it, and the subject was permitted to drop.

On the following Sunday the residents of Bampton Park, who felt that they had much to be deeply grateful for, repaired, at an early hour, to the village church. The curate read the prayers, after which the rector—a pale, thoughtful-looking man, upon whose still handsome countenance sorrow and trial had left their indelible traces—ascended the pulpit to preach the sermon. At the first sound of his voice, Colonel Mordaunt became deeply attentive.

"What is the name of the clergyman?" he whispered to Mr. Imray.

"I do not know him," replied his host, whose heart was oppressed with sad and painful recollections, for the last time he had sat and listened to the words of truth within those walls his wife and son were by his side. "He is a stranger to me. The rector I formerly knew has long since been dead."

As the sermon proceeded, Colonel Mordaunt appeared both surprised and agitated, and when at the conclusion of the service his friends were about to depart, whispered to Clara that he would overtake them.

"Are you unwell?" inquired his daughter, anxiously.

"No; I merely wish to speak with the clergyman."

Re-assured upon the point, Clara took the arm of our hero, and followed her friends, who had already quitted the church.

"God grant it!" murmured her father, as he walked towards the vestry. "God grant it! That would, indeed, be his crowning mercy."

At the door of the vestry he overtook the clerk, carrying a glass of water in his hand, and asked him the name of the rector.

"Doctor Rushbrook," was the reply.

A chill of disappointment fell upon the heart of Colonel Mordaunt; it was not the name he expected to hear, and he slowly retraced his steps.

"Rushbrook!" he repeated to himself, as he passed through the churchyard; "and yet I could have sworn—well, well! In His own good time! in His own good time!"

With this sentiment of resignation to a higher will, he resolved to dismiss the impression from his mind, but it would return to him; and long before reaching the Hall he regretted that he had not sought an interview with the clergyman whose earnest eloquence had impressed himself and friends so favorably.

"I made inquiries of my steward respecting him," observed Mr. Imray, at dinner. "It appears our rector is a man of large fortune, and simple tastes—one to whom the ministry of the Gospel is a duty, not a profession; he has refused a deanery, I am told. His parishioners idolize him for his benevolence and virtues."

"Rich!" thought the father of Clara; "then I must have been mistaken; the man I took him for was poor. But the likeness, dimmed as it is by time, is most remarkable; the voice, too! Decidedly, I shall not rest till I have seen him again, and spoken with him."

"What are you thinking of, papa?" exclaimed his daughter.

"Dreams, child! dreams!" replied the colonel, forcing a smile. "Not such as haunt the pillow of youth, but waking ones. My imagination has deceived me. I fancied that in Dr. Rushbrook I recognized an old and valued friend."

He did not choose to cast a shade of disappointment upon her young heart by telling her that he had taken him for the chaplain of the regiment, who had united him to her mother; and the subject was permitted to drop.

Nearly a week elapsed before the rector, whose health was exceedingly delicate, found himself sufficiently well to call upon his new neighbors at Bampton Park. On his arrival he was shown into the library, where Mr. Imray and his elder guest were deciding on the re-arrangement of the books. Harry and Telbin for the last two days had been engaged in some mysterious occupation in a large room, situated in the north wing of the Hall, which the former had appropriated as a studio. So carefully did the two friends guard their secret, that not even Harold, Clara, or Zitta were admitted.

All we shall observe respecting it at present is, that the old footman, Gervis, had been dispatched to London and returned.

"I surely cannot be mistaken," exclaimed the colonel, after the first few words uttered by the visitor. "You are the person whom I once knew as the Reverend Mr. Trevor?"

"Such was my name," replied the gentleman, greatly surprised, "till the death of my maternal uncle, who made it a condition in his will, caused me to change it."

"Chaplain to the 000th?"

"The same."

"Thank Heaven! I have found you," ejaculated the father of Clara, with a deep-drawn sigh. "The inheritance of my children, their right to bear my name, depend on you."

"Upon me!" repeated Dr. Rushbrook, with a look of astonishment.

"Who is this gentleman?" he added, turning to Mr. Imray, who had not as yet found time to introduce them.

"Mordaunt," replied the colonel, eagerly, "the young officer whom you married at Southampton on the eve of his departure with his regiment for India. You recollect the circumstance?" he added, anxiously.

"Perfectly," said the rector, shaking him by the hand, "and feel most happy that my evidence can be of service to you. How time changes us!" he continued, after gazing for several instants on the bronzed features of the old soldier. "We were both young men then. I had just been ordained—you, if I recollect rightly, gazetted as second lieutenant. Life, to each of us, must have appeared full of hope and promise."

"The reality, I trust, has not disappointed you?" observed the colonel.

"In this world every one must bear his cross," observed Dr. Rushbrook, evasively. "It is the condition of our existence. The wise submit, fools only murmur at it. I have been severely tried," he added, "but the great Disposer of events has tempered my trials with mercy."

Delicacy would not permit of pressing the subject any further.

At the earnest request of Mr. Imray, his visitor consented to remain to dinner, and a servant was dispatched to the rectory to order the carriage to come for the rector at ten; for the day being a fine one, he had walked over.

If the worthy clergyman had created a favorable impression by his eloquence and deep earnestness in the pulpit, he quite won the hearts of the younger inmates of the Hall by the unaffected sympathy with which he listened to the story of their trials and sufferings. The adventures of Telbin and Zitta appeared particularly to interest him. It was extraordinary, the rapidity with which he gained their confidence; and every one regretted when his carriage was announced.

"You will come and visit us again, will you not?" said Harold, grasping his hand almost affectionately, for he reminded him of his father.

"If my health allows me," answered their visitor, with a smile; "but I am frequently an invalid, and forced to remain in my solitary home."

"Then we will come and see you, if you will permit us," observed Clara, modestly.

The good man smiled on the group of young and happy faces gathered around him, and the affectionate earnestness they displayed.

"And you," he said, placing his hand upon the head of Zitta, who stood a little apart from the rest, "would you like to pay a visit to the rectory?"

"Anywhere where I may see you and hear your voice again," replied the poor wanderer, timidly. "I dared not ask permission," she added, "but my heart framed the wish."

"Come when you will, my children," said Dr. Rushbrook, kindly; "you shall be welcome."

The next morning his youthful friends availed themselves of the permission, and walked over to the rectory. The countenance of the old man brightened as, from one of the windows, he saw them approach, and he hastened to meet them.

"It is like a second spring," he observed, as he walked with them up the well-kept avenue, "to see such flowers around me."

The arrival of the eminent solicitor to whom, on Mr. Imray's recommendation, Colonel Mordaunt confided the proceedings against the money-lender, rendered the presence of Dr. Rushbrook necessary at their consultations; consequently, he became a frequent visitor at the Hall. As often as he could steal from the grave business in the library, he would seat himself upon the terrace and watch the fair girls in their walks. At such moments a kind of dreamy happiness stole over him—the past appeared less sad, the future more cheerful.

It is wrong for the aged to separate themselves from the young. The kind word, the merry laugh, and the sunny smile of youth prevent the heart from growing morbid. Like flowers planted in a graveyard, they make the barren waste of life appear cheerful. We are never too old to feel an interest in the pleasures of those around us. The sight of happiness in others frequently begets happiness in ourselves.

"Such ought to have been my home," thought the rector, as he sat watching Clara, Zitta, and Bianca in one of the walks. "I, too, might have had children fair as these—creatures to love and reverence me—to smooth my pillow in sickness, and, with filial piety, close my eyes in death. 'Tis hard to think a stranger's hand will perform that last sad office for me—the footsteps of my greedy heir follow me to the grave rejoicingly.

"I wrong him, perhaps," he added, with a sigh; "Alfred may not be so heartless as he appears.

"And why should I not have some one to love me?" he continued to himself. "Yon sweet girl seems cast in my way by Providence—a pure, unsullied flower, without natural protector. Why should I not adopt her, in place of the cherub Providence so cruelly deprived me of?"

From the first moment of their meeting, Zitta had been a favorite with him. Her simple, artless ways, her intuitive love of virtue and ignorance of the world, had attracted him to her; and Dr. Rushbrook continued to picture the happiness he might yet enjoy with one so young and good to interest his affections, to be to him as a child.

"Dreamer! dreamer!" he exclaimed, starting suddenly from his seat, and retracing his way back to the library. "I am the fool of fancy! As I gaze upon her features, I imagine I can trace a resemblance to my own dear lost one—to the dead!—to the dead!"

Most men, in their lives, have experienced the tenacity with which an idea that has once entered the heart remains fixed there. We imagine that we have banished it when we have only hidden it a little deeper in its recesses. It proved so with the speaker, who believed he had dismissed it even from his recollection, till the day when Mr. Imray and Colonel Mordaunt announced their approaching departure for London.

The trial of Pry and his son for the abduction and sequestering of the nurse, Ann Betts, was coming on, and the father of Clara and Telbin did not deem it prudent to be absent.

"And do you, too, leave us?" demanded the rector, looking blank at the intelligence.

The question was addressed to the owner of Bampton Park.

"What can I do?" answered the old man, with a cheerful smile. "I have no will now but my grandson's, and he would be unhappy separated from his cousin Harold, and the friends he loves. No doubt you will consider it childish weakness, but I cannot help it."

"Childish!" repeated his visitor. "Ah! you little imagine how greatly I envy you. All going to leave me!" he added, with a sigh. "Well, well, I will pray for their happiness."

"I wish, doctor, to consult you," said the colonel, passing his arm through his, and drawing him to one of the deep bay windows that overlooked the garden.

"I am but a poor adviser," observed the rector; "you had better choose one more acquainted with worldly interests."

"It is respecting Zitta."

"Zitta! yes, yes, I can advise you about her."

"And my son."

"Telbin!"

"They love each other. Even now, the boy—for he is still a boy in years—declared, with a firmness that startled me, his passion for the girl."

"*His preserver*," suggested Dr. Rushbrook, generously, "would have been a better word."

"I am not ungrateful," said his friend, coloring slightly at the reproof; "but——"

"You object to it?"

"Not unreasonably. Telbin will bear my name; besides, I know nothing of the girl. That she is good and virtuous, I believe. She may be the daughter of that ruffian, Wilton."

"Impossible!" exclaimed his friend, warmly.

"How can you pronounce?"

"Even as from the flower we judge the stem," replied the rector. "I perceive," he added, "that you still cling to the prejudice of caste."

"Her parents may be degraded—even infamous," continued the colonel, who evidently felt anxious to justify himself in the eyes of the speaker; added to which, my son is too young to think of marriage yet. Recollect, too, the peculiarity of his person—almost a child in stature."

"But a man in heart and mind," urged the clergyman. "I agree with you in one point, that, at present, their union would not be advisable. Zitta must be educated first."

"The very observation I made to him," exclaimed Colonel Mordaunt; "but he cannot endure the thought even of a temporary separation. I know of no one to whom he would intrust the care."

"Not to me?" demanded the good man, calmly.

"Are you serious?"

"Perfectly," said the rector. "I am a childless man; my life for years has been a blank; Zitta might fill the void. If she consents, my home shall be her home, and my heart open to her as a father's."

After all, there was so much that was reasonable in the objections of his parent, and the advantages to the object of his love so obvious, that even Telbin at last resigned himself to the temporary separation, especially as Clara and Bianca approved of it. As for Zitta, she embraced the offer gratefully—we might have added, joyfully, but for the pain she felt at parting from her new-found friends.

"It is wisest, kindest, and best that we should part," she urged, when reconciling her youthful lover to the step; "when next we meet I may be more worthy of you."

"Impossible!" was the reply; "you mistake; it is I who must strive to render myself worthy of you. Impose some task, something to achieve, as the test of my true love."

"And you promise to submit to it?"

"Most faithfully."

"Obedience to the wishes of your father," added Zitta; "for without his consent, and the approval of Clara, I can never be your wife. Believe me, we shall both be happier for following the path of duty—following it cheerfully."

"The condition is a hard one," murmured the youth, "but I accept it."

He kept his word; and two days afterwards saw her depart for the rectory, almost without a sigh. His regrets were reserved for the ears of his friend Harry and his sister.

The following day Mr. Imray and his guests were to start for London.

CHAPTER LVI.

This innocent mystery had love, sir,
For its source, and gratitude. Would all schemes
Were fair and blameless—honest as is this!
OLD PLAY.

The morning proved a bright and cheerful one, and yet the travellers felt dispirited; probably at the thought of parting from Zitta; possibly, also, at the idea of quitting a place where they had passed so many happy hours; but what puzzled and surprised Mr. Imray most was the conduct of his grandson, who appeared nervous and anxious. Several times during the breakfast he detected Harry and Telbin watching him narrowly.

"Perhaps he is offended," whispered the former; "and yet he does not look so."

"Impossible, after the promise he made, and the permission he gave," replied his friend.

"We cannot read the heart. It is a strange mystery," observed the youth, in the same under tone; "I almost wish I had not undertaken it. It was a memento of the past, and there was something sacred in the recollections."

"He has not seen it; I would stake my life of it."

"Seen what?" demanded Mr. Imray, whose ears had caught the last few words.

Harry rose from his seat in some confusion, and hastily quitted the room.

The old man repeated the question still more anxiously.

"Have you been in the library, sir?" asked Telbin.

"No."

"You will find the answer there."

The hint was sufficient. The aged owner of Bampton Park quitted the breakfast-room with a vague feeling of uneasiness, wondering what the mystery meant. His suspense was quickly ended, for, throwing open the door of the library, the first object that met his gaze was the picture containing the portraits of his wife and son; the latter so carefully restored, that not a trace remained of the mutilations his jealous passion had made. Harry had sent Gervis to London for it, and, finding the fragments of the canvas were not entirely detached, but had fallen back against the lining of the picture, carefully replaced them, and painted over the injuries.

This was the secret of the young and innocent heart—the offering of his gratitude to his repentant grandfather.

We question whether Mr. Imray felt more moved at beholding the portraits of his wife and son restored to their old position on the wall, than at the sentiment which actuated Harry in replacing them there. For several minutes he stood contemplating them in silence, the tears streaming down his venerable cheeks. There was a species of poetical atonement in the act that wrought upon the old man's imagination with a soothing influence.

He was startled from his reverie by a hand being placed upon his arm. It was Harry's, who had entered the library unperceived.

"You are not angry with me?" said the youth; "remember, sir, I had your permission."

"Angry!" repeated his grandfather; "I am most gratified. It is right, quite right, the picture should be replaced here by you. Perhaps, at this moment," he continued, "their spirits are hovering round us, smiling sweet pity and forgiveness of the past. Many will call me visionary for the thought—pronounce it madness!—impossibility! Let philosophers discuss it, I am content to find consolation in it."

"I have often indulged in similar impressions," observed the youth.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I remember, the night before I quitted Lowelstree, Harold and myself visited the churchyard and prayed at my uncle's grave. I was in sad trouble then; but a soft calm—a confidence that came I know not how or whence—stole over me; and I quitted the hallowed ground with the firm conviction that the spirits of the dead were watching over me."

There are few persons, we believe, who, at some period of existence, have not received similar impressions; they come to us in the hour of affliction, mental anodynes sent by an all-wise Providence to sustain the sorrowing heart. Rubbing elbows with the world, or struggling with its interests and passions, cause them to fade, till they become shadowy and indistinct, but then the sorrow fades with them.

Mr. Imray and his grandson remained so long in the library, the faithful Gervis had to inform them twice that the carriages and his guests were waiting, before they could tear themselves from contemplating the picture.

As they passed the rectory, a handkerchief was waved from one of the windows—the farewell of Zitta to her friends. For more than an hour afterwards Telbin did not exchange a word, even with his sister. As Sir Walter Raleigh gracefully expresses it:

"Silence in love betrays more woe
Then words, tho' n'er so witty:
A beggar that is dumb, you know,
May challenge double pity."

"Who are those persons?" inquired Lady Selina Mansell of her husband, as he bowed to the occupants of a plain but handsome carriage, that passed his own dashing barouche and four in Hyde Park, a few days after the return of his relatives to London.

"That is Uncle Zac.," replied the gentleman, with a grimace.

"The monster!" ejaculated her ladyship.

"True," said her husband; "but, if he is a monster, I am compelled to be civil to him till my debts are paid. The young men with him are my cousins."

"And the girls?"

"I do not know them," answered the baronet, pettishly.

"The fair one is pretty."

"Do you think so?"

"*Did you never think so?*" retorted Lady Selina, maliciously. "I am glad that I have seen her."

"Why so?"

"Nothing like knowing all one's husband's errors," said her ladyship; "even those of taste. The girl really is pretty," she repeated, "but terribly rustic. Imagine such a Phillis at the head of your establishment. You have had a lucky escape!"

Sir Augustus Mansell, who had heard of the discovery of Clara's birth, and the reputed wealth of her father, Colonel Mordaunt, made no reply. If he thought otherwise, he very wisely kept the change in his opinion to himself.

"And was that my cousin?" demanded Harry of his grandfather, as the equipages passed each other. "Polite, at any rate," he added.

"Yes; the puppy can be well bred enough where his interests are concerned," replied Mr. Imray, with one of his former cynical smiles. "The old drysalter is to him, just now, a greater personage than his royal godfather. His debts once paid, he will ignore the connection—indulge in the cut superb, if not the cut insolent. I know him—and the exact value of his politeness."

"Is it possible?"

"It is the world, Harry! the world!" said his grandfather; "an amusing page to read, when we read for amusement only—but sadly dirty and dog's-eared. He is not worthy of our thoughts; let us think no more about him."

The carriages of the speakers were not the only equipages in Hyde Park occupied that day by personages already known to our readers. Mrs. Harper and her daughter were there, attended, as they had been for several weeks past, by the dashing Major Count Sabretash, a Prussian officer, who, at one time, had the *entrée* to the best circles in London.

If the gentleman had lost his position, it was not by any dishonorable act; but society, which has its fits of prudence, as well as morality, had discovered he was a needy speculator in the market of Hymen; that his fortune was even more dilapidated than his old castle on the Rhine, of which he boasted so much; that nothing about him was real except his title; and as foreign titles were getting stale in the market, society prudently dropped him.

The descent of the count, however, was by no means sudden, at least—as far as the men were concerned. His reputation as a duellist saved him from that affront. Lords and lordlings continued to recognize him, although they no longer invited him. He still retained his *entrée* at one or two of the principal clubs, where he occasionally risked a few pounds, which, when he lost, he contrived somehow or other to pay. Had he been less eager in his search after a wealthy bride, the probabilities are he might have obtained one; but the *auri sacra fames* was too apparent. The women found this out, and gradually dropped him, till, from St. James's, he had glided into the City, running the gauntlet of the debatable lands of Bloomsbury and Fitzroy squares on his way.

As the carriage of Sir Augustus Mansell passed them, Miss Harper dropped her eyes affectedly. Her mother was deeply engaged on a French novel.

"I see," observed his countship, in a tone intended to be at once tender and respectful, "you still feel the wound."

"Deeply," replied the young lady, "to my pride, not to my affection; Sir Augustus Mansell is a man I never cared for. It was an old family arrangement; in consenting to it I sacrificed inclination to duty."

The look that accompanied the word "inclination" caused the heart of the gentleman to beat; probably he thought also of her fortune.

"Now I can never marry," added the speaker.

"*Mine Gott!*" mentally ejaculted the count; "not marry, and she has one hundred and fifty thousand pounds!

"You are too sensitive; society knows how very ill he used you."

"Society has not resented it," observed Miss Harper, disdainfully; "he is still received in it, as if a woman's heart, her pride and self-respect, were merely toys for lordly man to play and trample on. The age of chivalry is passed—wrongs like mine are merely laughed at; they rarely find an avenger in these days."

"Oh, that I had the right!" exclaimed Count Sabretash.

"Friendship would take it."

"*Love might*," observed the gentleman, who began to catch a glimpse of her purpose, but did not care to compromise himself without something rather more definite.

"Ingrate!" murmured the young lady, in a voice so low that her mother could not possibly hear it.

"Dared I but hope——"

"Will you be at Mrs. Bainbridge's ball this evening?" demanded Miss Harper, smiling.

"My presence will depend upon you."

"I shall be there," replied the City heiress, with a sigh. "I do not intend to wear my heart upon my sleeve, and seclude myself like an abandoned Dido. If it bleeds," she added, "it shall bleed internally."

After all, it was quite as well, perhaps, that Miss Harper did not wear her heart upon her sleeve, for most assuredly it would not have improved the beauty of it.

"Were that fair hand but promised me!" said the count, twirling his long flaxen moustache, and trying to look exceedingly sentimental.

"You have not asked it yet!" observed the artful girl.

"May I then hope?"

"It is your's——"

"Angel!"

"*For the first waltz*," added the lady—accompanying the words by a look and smiles still more encouraging "I will not affect to misunderstand your gallantry, count," she added, speaking more seriously; "my principles forbid my trifling with the feelings of an honorable man. I repeat—I shall never marry——"

"Cruel! pitiless!"

"*Till the insult—but that I could forgive—till the injury to my reputation has been effaced.*"

"It shall be!" exclaimed the German, emphatically. "I swear it by my love, and your perfections."

We suspect he would have spoken more truthfully, had he said, by the young lady's hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

The gentleman became more pressing; like a prudent man, he wished for something definite—a written promise. "Von leetle letter, to wear next his heart," he said.

Instead of refusing his request, Miss Harper quietly touched her mother's foot, a signal for the latter to close the pages of the French novel, and join in the conversation. Had Count Sabretash perceived the manœuvre, he might not have fallen so easily into the snare.

"Home," said the old lady, looking at her watch. "You must not fatigue yourself too much, my love; recollect we are engaged to Mrs. Bainbridge's ball."

In their way to the City they dropped the count at his club. The gentleman remained standing for several minutes upon the steps, regarding the carriage, as it disappeared, with a puzzled, doubtful air.

"If she would only write," he muttered to himself, "I would shoot the rascally Englishman like a wild pigeon. Yes, yes—I must have de promise first. She cunning," he added, "very cunning. Mine Gott, to tink dat a little yellow-skinned girl, whose grandfather was a money-bag, should play fast and loose mit Karl von Schlengenpurst von Sabretash!"

It was precisely because the grandfather of the lady, as the count poetically expressed it, had been a money-bag, that she was enabled to play fast and loose with him.

At the very time the manœuvre we have described was being carried on in the park, Mr. Parfit received a visit from his tenant in the Mint. The confidence of the old money-lender in the success of his iniquitous schemes began to be somewhat shaken. He had heard of the escape of Telbin, and the unhoped-for discovery of the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony between Colonel Mordaunt and his wife. His lawyers had informed him, also, that the suit would be a most expensive one.

Our readers may imagine that the old miser, under such circumstances, was even less inclined than usual to part with any portion of his ill-gotten wealth.

"Well, Jack Minton," he said, "what brings you here?"

"Business, Mr. Parfit, business," replied the landlord, with a pleasant look.

The old man began turning over the pages of his memorandum book, thinking he had mistaken the date, and that this must be rent-day.

"It isn't that," added his visitor.

"What, then? I have no money to lend!"

"I didn't come to borrow," replied the man, "but to ask your opinion."

"Well, well!" muttered Mr. Parfit, testily; "I have no objection to advise you."

"The police have been to the 'Flower-in-Hand.'"

"That is your affair: you should conduct your house better," was the ungracious reply.

Jack Minton drew from his pocket a handbill, which he unfolded carefully, and placed upon the desk of the old man, who read it twice through without uttering a word.

It was headed—"*One hundred guineas reward.*"

"A large sum," said his visitor, pointing to the figures, "for a poor man to gain. Shall I read it?" he added, seeing that Mr. Parfit took no notice of the observation, but still continued silent.

Taking his silence for permission, the speaker caught it up, and read as follows:—

"'One hundred guineas reward will be paid for the discovery of the person who, under false pretences, succeeded in abducting the son and heir of Colonel Mordaunt from the care of his friends at Islington, conveying him to an obsure inn in the Borough, called the 'Flower-in-Hand,' and consigning him to the care of a man named Wilton, the keeper of a menagerie, or wild beast show.'

"That's you," said the reader.

The gentleman made no reply.

"'A similar sum,'" continued his visitor, "'is offered for the arrest of the man Wilton, who, when last heard of, was in the neighborhood of Liverpool, from which place he is supposed to have sailed for Ireland.

"'Apply to Messrs. Fresh and Field, Solicitors, Old Jewry.'

"That's the man as took the boy," observed the landlord of the "Flower-in-Hand," re-folding the handbill, and placing it in his pocket.

"And what have I to do with it?" demanded Mr. Parfit, angrily.

"Well," said Jack Minton, with a look of astonishment, "of course, it isn't for me to dictate to a wealthy gentleman like yourself."

"I am not wealthy," interrupted the miser, wringing his hands. "I shall be ruined, plundered of every shilling I possess. You, too, are come to rob me!"

"Of course; I can't afford to lose the chance, sir."

"Dog! rascal! extortioner!" exclaimed the old man, pale with rage; "not a shilling! not a penny! I am not to be terrified. Another word upon the subject, and I will eject you from the house. Remember you have no lease—a mere tenant at will."

"And glad of it too, sir."

The money-lender regarded him with surprise. For years the speaker had been endeavoring to obtain one, and even offered to pay an increased rental.

"Business aint wot it was."

"Indeed!"

"Besides, I have made enough to retire upon, or shall have done so when I have received the two hundred pounds, for I know where to place my hands on both of you. Only bread and cheese after all," he added, feeling, perhaps, a little ashamed at his conduct, so different from former professions. "You can't say I behaved unhandsomely."

"Let me understand distinctly what it is that you require," said Mr. Parfit.

"Will you pay the two hundred guineas?"

"No."

"Then I must get it from those who will," replied the landlord of the "Flower-in-Hand," philosophically. "As for the house, you can act as you please; I am willing to keep it, or leave it at a valuation—after due notice, of course. Good day, sir."

"Stay!" gasped the usurer.

Jack Minton re-seated himself.

"I must have time to reflect. How many days will you give me?"

"Days!—umph! Well, I don't mind saying four-and-twenty hours."

"That will do. Now leave me," said the old man, with a ghastly smile.

His tenant took his leave, muttering something about business being business, and trusting that he was not offended.

As he descended the stairs, he encountered Mrs. Pry and her son Mat, who had been released from prison on bail. They, too, had a little private business to transact with the money-lender.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

◆

AFFECTATION.—The affected of every country nearly resemble each other. Paltry affectation, strained allusions, and disgusting finery, are easily attained by those who choose to wear them; they are but too frequently the badges of ignorance or stupidity, whenever it would endeavor to please.

THE SNAKE IN THE GLASS:

A HOMILY.

BY JOHN G. SAXE.

Come listen awhile to me, my lad;
Come listen to me for a spell;
Let that terrible drum
For a moment be dumb,
For your uncle is going to tell
What befel
A youth who loved liquor too well.

A clever young man was he, my lad;
And with beauty uncommonly blest,
Ere, with brandy and wine,
He began to decline,
And behaved like a person possessed;
I protest
The temperance plan is the best.

One evening he went to a tavern, my lad;
He went to a tavern one night,
And drinking too much
Rum, brandy and such,
The chap got exceedingly "tight;"
And was quite
What your aunt would entitle a "fright."

The fellow fell into a snooze, my lad;
'Tis a horrible slumber he takes
He trembles with fear,
And acts very queer;
My eyes! how he shivers and shakes
When he wakes,
And raves about horrid great snakes!

'Tis a warning to you and to me, my lad;
A particular caution to all,—
Though no one can see
The vipers but he,—
To hear the poor lunatic bawl:—
"How they crawl!—
All over the floor and the wall!"

Next morning he took to his bed, my lad;
Next morning he took to his bed;
And he never got up
To dine or to sup,
Though properly physicked and bled;
And I read,
Next day, the poor fellow was dead!

You've heard of the snake in the grass, my lad;
Of the viper concealed in the grass;
But now, you must know,
Man's deadliest foe
Is a snake of a different class;
Alas!—
'Tis the viper that lurks in the glass!

A warning to you and to me, my lad;
A very imperative call:—
Of liquor keep clear;
Don't drink even beer,
If you'd shun all occasion to fall;
If at all,
Pray take it uncommonly small.

And if you are partial to snakes, my lad;
(A passion I think rather low)
Don't enter, to see 'em,
The *Devil's Museum!*—
'Tis very much better to go,
(That's so!)
And visit a regular show.

THE TRAPPER'S FIRST LOVE.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

"I say, Bill," observed one trapper to another, as the two sat smoking their pipes before their camp-fire, away out beyond the Rocky Mountains; "I say, Bill, old hoss, arter all, this here's raythera lonely life for a man as has a nateral incline for women, and I'm derned ef I don't think I'll tie up to so'thing and quit, ef it's only a Injun squaw—yes-sir-ee!"

"Augh!" grunted Bill.

"Let me see!" pursued the other, taking out his pipe and puffing out a cloud of smoke with an air of serious reflection; "it is now jest about ten year sence I begun my tramp over these here mountains, and I'm thirty year old; and what's the use? what better am I for't now? I've made a heap of money in my time—but whar is it? Gone—some on't for bad whiskey, and a good deal more on't at euchre and monte, and sich like. Now ef I goes on ten year more, afore gitting rubbed out, it'll be all the same, 'cept I'll be ten year older, with rheumatics enough maybe to make a broken-down, wo'thless old hoss of a feller as war some punks in his time. Yes, sir! But ef I goes and hitches teams with some female woman, it'll alter the case amazing—for then I'll hev so'thing to live for and work for, and at forty I'll be a rejunivated beaver, and a ornament to socierty. But what's the use of talking to you, Bill, what don't know what a woman ar'! and I s'pose never sawr one nigher 'n a hundred yards ef you could help yourself. Come now, s'pose you tell a feller what's the reason you're so skeery of the critters! Ar' you really afeard of 'em? or does it come from having had the sack in your time from some screamer of a gal what showed your ugly rival a blazed path to her affections?"

"Nyther, Jim," replied Bill, with a long-drawn sigh. "I arn't afeard of the animals, and I never got the sack; but the sweetest lass that ever lived come to a horrible eend, and sence then I've shunned everything that made me think of her. Ah, Jim, you've touched me in a tender place, you hev, and it arn't the easiest thing in the world to keep the water out of my eyes this minute."

"Won't you tell me the story, Bill?"

"Wall, sence we've got on the subject, I s'pect it won't make matters no woss to go over it, though it's more'n ten year sence I've mentioned it to a living soul."

He knocked the ashes from his pipe with a trembling hand, and sat some minutes gazing at the fire, during which time his eyes filled with tears, and a few briny drops coursed slowly down his bronzed, weather-beaten features, which, at thirty years of age, with the look of forty, were still far from being uncomely.

"I've tramped with you a good deal, Jim," he at length resumed, drawing the back of his rough hand across his eyes; "we've been together, off and on, for four or five year; and though you've thought me a woman-hater, and seen me keep cl'ar of the sex, yet it worn't al'ays so, and thar war a time when I war mixing up with 'em in the tallest kind of style.

"Twelve year ago, down to the State of Missouri, I sot my affections on to a gal called Phœbe Lukens. I loved her in the wildest kind of way, and she thought a heap of me. She war seventeen, jest a year younger'n me, and so purty that the birds al'ays sung whar she travelled. When I war with her, and that war al'ays when I could be, I thought this here 'arth war Heaven enough; and we talked and romped, walked and rid, and sung and danced exceeding. Ef thar war a frolic within ten mile, we war sure to be thar, and thar war nothing in them parts that could head us off; and as happy as Bill Withers and Phœbe Lukens, war all the best of 'em could say.

"Wall, one awful cold winter night, we had an invite to a corn-husking, twelve mile away, and we rid over hoss-back, cutting through the woods and over the frozen snow like a couple of deer. I had my pistols and bowie in my belt, and felt proud, and Phœbe war in high sperits, too. We got to the place in good time, and had lots of fun. At one o'clock the next morning we started for home. It war cloudy and cold, with the wind north-east, and looked like we's agoing to hev a powerful snow-storm.

"'Better hold on and make a night on't, Bill!' says some of the boys.

"'I must git home,' says Phœbe, 'for I promised the old folks I'd be back by three, and I'm the gal to keep my word.'

"'Then don't promise to hev Bill, and cut off all our hopes!' says one, with a laugh.

"'Wall, thar'd be nary chance for you ef I didn't,' she says back, putting the laugh onto him.

"Joking in this kind of way, we at last rid off on a gallop, but without nayther of us thinking it 'ud be the last ride we'd ever hev together. Ah-me! poor Phœbe!

"We hadn't gone more'n three mile, when it begun to snow, fine and dry, with the wind driving it powerful. It came right in our faces and blinded us, and then begun to drift, so's to make it hard travelling for the beasts. We didn't mind this though, and kept on, thinking we'd git home afore it 'ud be dangerous. We had to go through one eend of a big swamp, and thar it was we got lost, though I never exactly knowed how, for it 'peared to me I war all the time in the open path, and I war all the time looking to see ourselves come out agin a hill that war half way betwixt the two places. The wind blowed so it warn't easy to talk, and so we didn't say much; but arter we'd rid nigh to an hour, and I'd got so cold that it 'peared as ef the marrer of my bones war gitting froze, I says, says I:

"'Phœbe, how's this? Arn't it most time we's out of this here swamp?

"She didn't say nothing, Phœbe didn't, and so I axed her the same question over agin; and as she didn't say nothing the second time, I rid up and shook her.

"'Dear me!' she says, faint like; 'I believe I's a'most asleep.'

"I felt my hair rise right up.

"'For God's sake,' says I, 'don't go to sleep! for ef you do, you'll never wake! It arn't a nateral sleep, Phœbe—*but you're freezing to death!*'

"Jest as I'd said this, I heerd some cussed wolves begin to howl—fust here, then thar, then yonder, as ef one war answering t'other, on different sides of us.

"'Wake up, Phœbe!' says I; 'for the varmints is arter us, and we'll both want all our wits ef they comes up close!'

"As she didn't say nothing to this, I shook her agin; and hollered in her ear that the wolves was arter us.

"'Oh, I'm so sleepy!' she says; and the last word was spoke so faint that I couldn't scarcely hear it.

"I knowed that sort of thing wouldn't do; and quick as lightning I jumped down off of my hoss, and pulled her off of hern, into a deep drift of snow. Then I begun to shake her, and rub her, and scold her, and tell her to wake up and not die that way.

"'Yes, I will, William,' she says, so's I could scarcely hear her; 'purty soon I will, William—but I'm so sleepy now—I jest wants one little nap!'

"I shook her agin like fury, calling her all sorts of hard names, jest to rouse her by making her mad.

"At that minute some cussed wolf howled agin right close to us; and afore I'd time to catch the bridles, both hosses gin a wild snort and started off on a run, leaving us both thar afoot in the swamp, the poor gal freezing to death, and the hungry varmints all round, ready to tear us to pieces at the fust chance. I tell you, Jim, nobody knows what my feelings was then; they was awful; and as I drawed a pistol with one hand, and shook the poor dear gal with t'other, I felt the sweat, cold as the night war, start out all over me. Ef thar'd been any chance of catching the hosses, I couldn't hev left Phœbe a minute—for she war determined to sleep, and that itself would be death, even if the wolves didn't git hold of her, which I knowed they would; though from the way thar yelps came to us now—gitting sharp and angry, but furder and furder off—I guessed they war arter the hosses themselves.

"But what war to be done with Phœbe? for the poor gal wor so nigh gone that I couldn't rouse her fears a bit, and scarce git an answer to my questions when I hollered 'em into her ear. I stood her up on her feet, and held her thar, and shook her, and walked her about, and scolded her, and told her every skeery thing I could think on; but the minute I let go of her, down she dropped, as ef she war determined to sleep her last.

"Then I knowed, ef I didn't start a fire right quick, she'd die for sartin; and stripping off my big b'ar-skin coat, I wrapped it round her, and laid her down in a drift for the warmest place, and went to work with my knife to cut sticks and twigs for kindlings. I worked fast, Jim, I tell you; and I prayed God I mought succeed—for the life of the poor dear gal depended on't, and my own futur' happiness besides. But all to onct I heerd the cussed wolves coming back, or else another pack gathering round, and my heart riz right up and stuck in my throat. Nigher and nigher they came; and so fast, that, in less nor a minute, as it 'peared to me, they was dancing all round about, and I could see thar infarnal eyes in a big circle, like so many coals of fire. At this I run to poor Phœbe, and stood right over her, putting my knife betwixt my teeth and holding a pistol in each hand, determined to eyther save her from them howling varmints or else die with her.

"I never knowed how many wolves thar was round us that night; but it 'peared to me as ef they'd been let loose from all creation; and sich snapping, and snarling, and growling, and barking, and yelping, and fighting, as they done right close about me, with a hundred balls of fire moving up and down and hither and yon, and now and then some shadowy figur' bounding for'ard, as ef to grab me, and whisking past so close that I sometimes felt his breath—all this war enough to drive a'most any man crazy, ef thar'd even been no poor sweet gal a freezing to death at his feet to make his feelings awful beyond what words could tell. I knowed they was cowards as wouldn't dar' to attack me when I's facing 'em; but then I cauldn't face 'em all to onct; though I kept turning round and round, to keep 'em off my back—for I knowed thar hunger would make 'em risk that much ef they once got a good chance.

"Wall, they kept me so busy that I couldn't git no chance to do nothing for Phœbe, who didn't 'pear to mind 'em at all, but laid thar in the snow as ef she wor dead, which I's afeared she war, though I kept praying powerful that the Lord He'd somehow presarve her through.

"All that night long I stood over that poor gal, and kept the cussed wolves off of her; and at daylight they all sneaked away, one arter t'other, till only me and her was left. Then, as I looked down on to her, as she laid thar so still, I wor afeard to l'arn the truth; and when I did bend down to her and shook her, I shook myself as if I had a agur-fit.

"But what did I find, Jim? Oh, my God! what did I find? *A corpse, Jim! a cold, icy corpse! Poor Phœbe Lukens was froze to death!*

"I don't hardly know what I done arter that, Jim," concluded the narrator, sobbing like a child; "but I found my way out of that swamp somehow, and got people to go for her. But I didn't 'tend the funeral, Jim, for I war sick abed with a brain fever. And as soon as I got well, put off for the wilderness, to spend the rest of my wretched life away from women-kind.

"Thar, Jim, you've got the awful story, and you knows why I keeps away from them as makes me think too much about poor dear Phœbe Lukens, who's dead and gone, and has took my heart into t'other world with her. Thar's not none living like her, Jim, and so I keeps away from them as makes me think of her, for I can't never love again."

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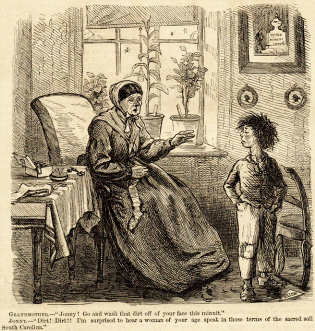
OUR BUSINESS PALACES.

Were I intending to show a stranger what *I* consider best worth showing in New York, it would not be our fine houses, with their imposing display of upholstery and millinery. It would not be our stained-glass-window churches, with the blessed daylight excluded, in favor of the poor fashionable substitute of gaslight. It would not even be the Central Park, beautiful as that promises to be—when finished. But I would take him to our most thriving warehouses, where room opens out of room, each filled with its own speciality in the way of goods; with their attentive and intelligent clerks; with their silent messengers, flitting from one department to another on their noiseless errands; while the constant influx of purchasers testifies to the public's substantial appreciation of all this clock-work machinery, in the hands of artificers who know how to do it. This, indeed, is something to be proud of; and I never take my seat in one of these establishments, while waiting for a friend, that I am not filled with admiration at these successful results of American thrift and intelligence. So with our large printing establishments with their chain-lightning presses supplying a greedy community with the much prized family paper, as indispensable as its cup of coffee, and like that required to be hot and strong.

A SCENE NEAR BEAUFORT.



GRANDMOTHER.—"Jonny! Go and wash that dirt off of your face this minnit."
JONNY.—"Dirt! Dirt!! I'm surprised to hear a woman of your age speak in those terms of the sacred soil of South Carolina."

No. Were I appointed *general-issimess* to escort strangers through New York, I should make a very different tour of inspection from that generally taken. And were it proper here that I should draw an accurate map of it, nothing would give me more pleasure than to do so. How often I have begged to be taken, where bonnets do not generally go, in business localities, for the solid pleasure a view has afforded me. How many times, thus smuggled in like a contraband, I have sat in a corner, denouncing my fetters, as I watched all the details, and longed to run round among the employees, and ask a thousand questions from my woman's point of view, which I have only the right to bore *one* coat and vest with, and be patted down at that, with the gratifying intelligence "that my intentions are good, *but*——" "But!" Am I always to be butting my brains against that granite "*but?*"—that fence put up to keep women from seeing anything but bracelets and feathers? When I feel interested in other things, am I either to be patronizingly soothed, like some amiable lunatic, or majestically snubbed, till I go back, with my ears under my arms, to my harmless breast-pins and finger-rings? I am getting tired of it. I assure you I often have my little thoughts about it.

That there are no shops in Europe at all comparable with ours either for expanse, beauty, or utility, it is unnecessary at this day to prove. But the most delightful feature about it to an American, is the total absence, in his own countrymen, of that disgusting, cringing servility, observable in what are called "tradespeople" by the aristocrats of Europe. One man here, thank God, feels quite as much a man as another, by virtue of the broad, open highway of intelligence, where all are free to elbow their way without danger of being smothered by the dust of the chariot-wheels of ages. FANNY FERN.

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THE ILL-LOOKING HORSE.

A Frenchman, near the Canada line, in Vermont, lately sold a horse to his Yankee neighbor, which he recommended as being a very sound, serviceable animal, in spite of his unprepossessing appearance. To every inquiry of the buyer respecting the qualities of the horse, the Frenchman gave a favorable reply, but always commenced his commendation with the depreciatory remark, "He's not look ver good." The Yankee, caring little for the looks of the horse, of which he could judge himself, without the seller's assistance, and being fully persuaded, after minute examination, that the beast was worth the moderate sum asked for him, made his purchase and took him home. A few days afterwards he returned to the seller in high dudgeon, and declared that he had been cheated in the quality of the horse. "Vat is de mattaire?" said the Frenchman. "Matter!" said the Yankee; "matter enough—the horse can't see! he is as blind as a bat!" "Ah!" said the Frenchman, "vat I vas tell you? I vas tell you he vas not *look* ver good—*be gar*, I don't know if he look at all!"

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS

RODERIC.—It is not a good plan for a young man to get in the habit of paying too much deference to the statements and opinions of celebrated authors. The remark to which you refer was made many years ago by Lord Macaulay, who was then a young man. He says that the amenities of war and the courtesies sometimes exhibited between hostile armies are almost always the offspring of utter heartlessness—of a lack of zeal—of a want of vital faith in the right of one's cause, *and that war should never be undertaken except under circumstances which would render any exchange of civilties between the belligerents utterly impossible.* We do not agreee with Lord Macaulay. Such a doctrine as that, if carried into practical effect, would convert belligerent nations into hordes of savages. Your theory that inasmuch as it is the object of war to kill, it makes no matter how the killing be done, and that the more savage the fight be carried on the sooner it will be over, and the better it will be for all parties, is fallacious and unsound. The object of war is not "to kill," but to defend rights that are assailed, or to gain rights that are withheld. War having been declared, the whole business is then a matter of discretion; and the civilized world has over and over again determined that certain acts are wanton, inhuman, unchristian, and a disgrace to the perpetrators of them, no matter under what pretence of warlike necessity they may be performed. It may make no difference to the slain how they were killed, but it does make a difference to the slayers. He who kills his foe in fair, open, manly fight has no blood-guiltiness on his hands or on his soul; but he who with unfair and cowardly hand assassinates his enemy, may brand his nature with a felon's curse forever.

CLEOPATRA.—Your scheme is utterly wild and absurd, not to say criminal and shameful. Do you not read the papers, and thereby see what becomes of those who enter upon the perilous path you contemplate choosing? Every week we read of some young girl's eloping with a married man, or of a married woman's deserting her family and running away with some illicit lover. It seems incredible that any sane woman could thus deliberately rush to an ignominious fate, but the facts are indisputable. And what a fate is hers, who thus takes that one false step! It is impossible for her to escape it, unless Death shall mercifully gather her to his mouldering harvest. No man was ever yet faithful to his criminal vows; no woman ever yet retained her criminal protector after her beauty was despoiled of its freshness and its bloom. Desertion is sure to come; deeper degradation follows hard upon it; conscience tortures the despairing victim; infamy drags her down—and still lower down, until an unknown grave in mercy hides her from the world and from herself. Can a woman or a girl who is gifted with the ability to think, risk this fearful doom, upon the mere promise of a man, whose *promise, itself, stamps him a villain?*

MOTHER.—It will hardly be possible for you to govern your children aright, if you and your husband quarrel, in their presence, as to your mode of government. You are clearly right in maintaining that when a child voluntarily confesses a fault and exhibits contrition, it should not be scolded, or at the time reproved in any way whatever. At such a moment a child's heart is peculiarly tender and sensitive; and if its confession be met with harshness, rebuke, or punishment, the child will smart under a sense of injustice, it will lose faith in its parents' kindness, affection and goodness of heart, it will be afraid to confess its faults thereafter, its heart will be sealed up, and it will become sullen and deceitful, instead of continuing to be frank, honest and confiding.

JULIA.—Julia, who had the misfortune to lose a brother in the battle of Ball's Bluff, wishes to find a few lines of poetry suitable for his gravestone. Perhaps, these lines of Montgomery may serve:

"Give me the death of those
Who for their country die;
And oh! be mine like their repose,
When cold and low they lie!
Their loveliest mother earth
Enshrines the fallen brave;
In her sweet lap who gave them birth,
They find their tranquil grave."

PATIENCE.—You are undoubtedly a fool. You proposed, *in fun*, you say, to three young ladies that they should offer themselves to you, which they each did in writing unknown to the others, and evidently in earnest. What shall you do? The girls no doubt are acting in concert and making game of you, as you deserve. Don't trouble yourself about making them unhappy by a choice, when they are evidently laughing at you behind your back.

BOY.—Excellence in Latin and Greek is not a sure sign of talent for the law. The youth who exhibits a marked ability in mathematics is the one who is most likely to excel as a lawyer. Indeed, we may say that ability in mathematics is the surest of all signs of genuine superiority of understanding. This is the opinion of some eminent teachers. Others hold mathematics of secondary importance.

FELEX.—It is *not* proper for a young lady, who is engaged to be married, to accept invitations from other gentlemen to ride with them, without the consent of her lover. We believe in lovers and married people regarding each other's feelings in such matters. Let the lady ask herself if she would like her lover to treat her in the same way. This is always a good test in such cases.

NINA.—We do not think it would be "absolutely wrong," as you say, for a young lady to walk arm in arm in the day-time with a young gentleman through a country village; but we do not think it expedient for young ladies to defy, *unnecessarily*, the customs of the place they live in. There are many things not actually wrong, that are inexpedient or injudicious. This is one of them.

A. U. S.—A letter to a bishop of the church of England should begin thus: "My Lord;" or, if you are one of his intimate friends, "My dear Lord." The letter may be directed simply, "To the Bishop of London." In writing to an archbishop, we believe, it is usual to begin, "May it please your Grace," or some similar nonsense.

SAM.—"Should a difference of a few years in age," asks Sam, "in favor of a lady, be considered an objection on the part of a very devoted lover?" We imagine "a very devoted lover" would never think of asking such a question.

ELMIRA.—Archbishop Hughes was born in Ireland in 1798, and emigrated to the United States in 1817. He was ordained in 1825, and served first as pastor of a church in Philadelphia. He was appointed Bishop of New York in 1838, and in 1850 Archbishop.

TRUTH, of Baltimore, says he and a young lady have had an animated discussion in regard to the *propriety* of a lady's permitting a gentleman to place his arm around her waist when waltzing, or of her taking part in other dances which require such support from her partner. The young lady, it appears, maintains that such things are "perfectly proper," but "Truth" thinks otherwise, and so both parties appeal to the LEDGER. It makes very little difference what "Truth," or the "young lady," or the LEDGER, or any individual, or any publication, may think or say about such a question as the one under consideration. Such matters are determined by custom—by society, are purely questions of *taste*, and are to be decided by every lady and gentleman for herself or himself individually. Personally, we do not believe in balls or dancing—*for us;* we never went to a ball; we don't know "how it's done;" we think we should not like to see a young lady whom we felt any interest in or regard for, whirled about promiscuously by a gentleman with his arm around her waist, and she and he alternately or conjointly jumping up and down with or without any well-defined object in view. Still, we are aware that thousands and tens of thousands of the most refined and excellent ladies and gentlemen do these things, and have done them for generations; and we have too much modesty to set up *our* personal taste, in a spirit of censorship, against *their* personal taste, and declare that it is *improper* for them to waltz, or otherwise

"Trip it gaily to and fro,
On the light fantastic toe,"

as the resplendent old Puritan poet, Milton, says.

ELDORADO.—Henry Clay had eleven children—six daughters and five sons. His wife was Lucretia, a daughter of Col. Thomas Hart, of Lexington, Kentucky, a near relative of the late Senator, Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. The following is a list of the children of Henry Clay: Two of his daughters died in infancy. Two other daughters, Lucretia and Eliza, died at the age of fourteen. Susan married Mr. Duralde of New Orleans, but died at the age of twenty. Ann, who married James Irwine, of New Orleans, was Mr. Clay's favorite and most accomplished daughter; she died suddenly at the early age of twenty-eight. His eldest son, Thomas Wythe Clay, in consequence of an early injury to his brain, became insane, and passed many years of his life in an asylum. Thomas Hart Clay, the second son, was a merchant and hemp grower; he is now in his fifty-ninth year. The third son, Henry Clay, graduated at West Point, studied law, practiced awhile in Kentucky, and fell at the battle of Buena Vista. The fourth son, James B. Clay, became the law partner of his father. The youngest son, John M. Clay, was also educated for the law. The property of Mr. Clay consisted chiefly of a remarkably fine farm of six hundred acres, and about sixty slaves. He was for the most part of his life independent in his circumstances, as public men ought to be. The grandchildren and great-grandchildren of Henry Clay now number, it is said, more than a hundred.

STUDENT.—This correspondent, who is probably so absorbed in his mathematics that he contemplates every subject from a somewhat mathematical stand-point, says that a young lady lately came to spend an evening with his sister; that while she was there a walk was proposed; that the proposition was accepted; that they set out, he accompanying the two young ladies; that they no sooner got into the street than he became much embarrassed from the fact that his "duty presented itself to him under three contradictory aspects: he should either walk by the side of his sister, or by the side of the young lady, or between the two," and for the life of him he could not tell which, and so "kind a hung round generally." He says he has felt mean ever since, and now wants to be posted up, so as to be ready for the next occasion of the kind. In such a case, you might give the ladies the inside of the walk, and take your position next the one who should be outermost, or, what would be better in the evening, you might give an arm to each of the ladies, which would of course bring you between them.

EARNEST.—A gentlemen, whom neither Jenny nor our fair correspondent had ever met before, had the honor of escorting those young ladies home from a party. The question is, ought the ladies, on parting from him at their door, to have asked him to call upon them, or was it enough for them merely to thank him for his escort? It was enough to thank him. Nevertheless, if the ladies were perfectly assured of his respectability, and really wished him to call, we see no good reason for their not asking him. Our correspondent proposes a second question: "Jenny and I went out to tea, and staid late, expecting the young gentleman of the family would take us home. On the contrary, he gave us in charge of a gentleman well known to himself, but a stranger to us; and this without consulting either of us. Was it polite, or was it an evidence of disrespect?" It was certainly not polite. But it may have been an evidence of ignorance or thoughtlessness. If he was unable to accompany you, he should have explained the matter to you, and sought your permission to provide a substitute.

G. A. Y.—This questioner is a young lady whose lover enlisted in the army, and went to the wars, taking with him not her heart only, but her picture also. He has sent her a newspaper or two, but, though he promised to write regularly and often, he has not yet written her a line. What is she to think? She should bear in mind that it is not an easy matter for a soldier to write letters, who lives in a tent with eight noisy companions. Let her not despond. Perhaps her bold soldier boy will be able to explain it all in good time, and come home a captain, and live happily with her ever after.

RUSTICUS.—We do not know why any respectable young man, in good circumstances, who is in love with a lady, should not propose marriage to her if he wishes to do so. We believe in marriage, and the fact that some couples are not *perfectly* happy does not prove that the parties would be *perfectly* happy were they unmarried. *Perfect* happiness was never attained in this world; and there is no situation in life that has not its accompanying trials; and surely if but *part* of the time one can be reasonably happy with a wife or husband, is it not better than living an isolated, selfish, loveless life?

EDWARD.—This correspondent wishes us to tell him the rules of the prize ring. He might as well ask us to give him an idea of the Common Law. The rules of the prize ring are thirty in number, and would fill a column or two of the LEDGER. But as the Common Law may all be summed up in the one injunction, Thou shalt do no wrong, so the rules of the ring may be expressed in the single command, Fight fair.

KIRTLAND.—There is no exact meaning attached in our service to the word battalion. Inspector-general Scott, in his Military Dictionary, merely says, that a battalion is an "aggregate of from two to ten companies," and Webster throws upon it no further light. Usually, however, a full regiment is divided into two equal bodies, each of which is called a battalion.

J. C. L.—Obey your parents. A boy of seventeen cannot stand the fatigues and privations of a winter campaign. This your father knows, and he is right, therefore, in placing a veto upon your proposal to enlist. And if he were not right, we should still say to any boy of seventeen, obey your parents.

INEXPERIENCE.—What do we think of a gentleman who is riding with a lady, offering her a cigar to smoke with him? We think it a mean way to pass off as a joke the selfishness which prompted him to smoke in the presence of a lady, without regard to her wishes on the subject. You should not ride with such "gentlemen."

HUGO.—If, as you say, the distinguished major-general who recently passed through Cincinnati did *not* accept the conveyance provided by a public committee, but rode from one railroad station to another in an old hack drawn by miserable old horses, we suppose he did so because he *preferred* to do so.

GREEN.—The proper name, or, rather, the official name of the country which we commonly call Holland, is Netherlands. For any information respecting the prime minister of that country, apply to the Consul-general of the Netherlands, R. C. Burlage, 45 Exchange Place, New York.

PASTE-BRUSH.—If a lady has taken a ring from your finger and refuses to give it up, we do not know how to inform you to proceed in the matter, as we are not in the habit of dealing with ladies who have so little dignity or self-respect.

WAGER.—You have only to look upon any good map of the City of New York to ascertain that the distance from the Battery to the upper end of Union Square is within a very few yards of two miles and two thirds. It is four miles from the Battery to Forty-fourth street.

H. Y. S.—As to shaking hands with a lady to whom you are introduced, it is a matter of taste. We think the omission is better than the observance, as the practice is now carried to such an absurd extent, that it has become very annoying.

P. W.—Should you go to a place of amusement with a young man whom you had only known one day, though your "folks" knew him? Yes, in the latter case, if they approved of your going; otherwise not.

SUSAN.—The word *chrysalides* is the plural of chrysalis, under which head you will find it in Webster's Unabridged Dictionary.

INQUIRER.—The word Sambo (or Zambo, as Humboldt has it) originally meant the offspring of a mulatto and a negro.

⁂ *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*